STANSTEAD-COLLEGE

ANNUAL

JUNE 1939

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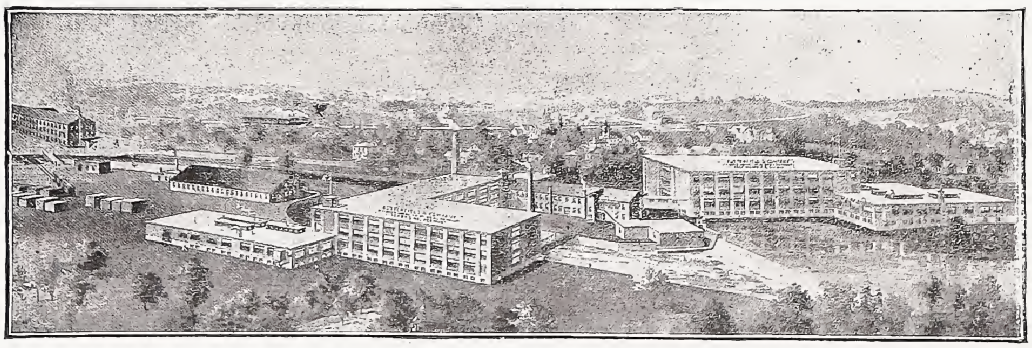

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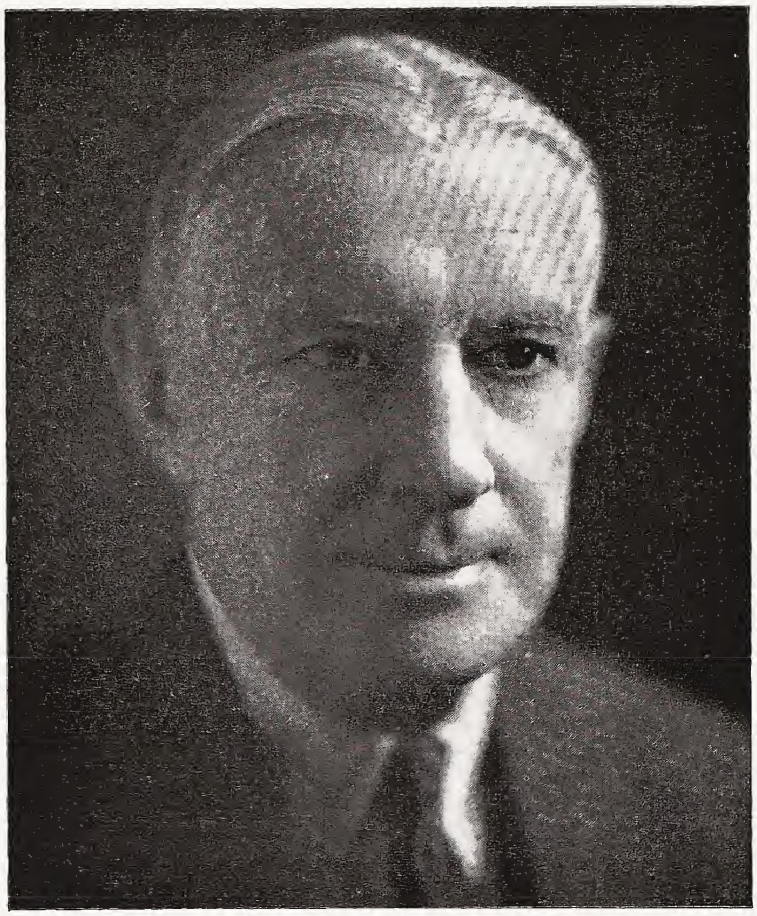

This volume is respectfully

dedicated to

CHARLES WILLIAM COLBY

PH.D., D.C.L.

. . . One of Stanstead College's most distinguished graduates, one of her most generous supporters, a great industrialist, a great scholar, a great gentleman.

The Principal's Message

Every year is characterized by some outstanding feature. 1938 was the year of the fire. 1939 has been a year in the wilderness—in my depressed moments I remember something about forty years in the wilderness! Most of the time, however, I think of 1940 as the year of reconstruction. But going back to 1938-39 I think of the student body as a nomadic group—wandering from place to place and in most cases apparently liking it. For many, for instance, the distance between the church and the college, even at a snail's pace, was always too short. On the other hand the long climb from Joe's Place on a blizzardy February day was never a very pleasant experience.

What I am getting at is that you have put up with many inconveniences during the year both in residence and in the classroom and you have been awfully good sports about it. I like to believe that you will look back on this year with a good deal of satisfaction.

You have done well in many fields of endeavour. The final scholastic tests are still before you. May your efforts be crowned with success.

ERROL C. AMARON.

STANSTEAD COLLEGE ANNUAL

Published at Stanstead, Que., by the Annual Committee

VOLUME XXXVII STANSTEAD, QUE. JUNE, 1939

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Editorial

Stanstead College has passed through an extremely difficult and trying year, but, to her everlasting credit, has managed remarkably well. Considering the loss of the Main Building and the various other hindrances occasioned by it, the life of the resident student has nonetheless steered a normal and smooth course.

The number of residents was slightly lower than last year, but still higher than in 1936. This speaks well for our institution and the faith which the people of the Eastern Townships and even the province have in it. The fact that a new, modern building, already begun, is arising on the foundations of the old, will probably bring Stanstead College a most successful future. As the new building takes form, let every alumnus and student regard it with pride and as a source of inspiration and wider opportunity for service.

Great credit is due to Dr. Charles Colby, Chairman of the New Building Campaign, who has given so much of his valuable time to this worthy cause. All connected with the College, we are sure, express their sincerest thanks to the subscribers to the Campaign, who have made the rebuilding of our Alma Mater possible.

In spite of handicaps, the College has enjoyed a particularly successful year. Increased activity was to be noted in nearly all phases of sport. Radio broadcasts, inaugurated last year, were continued with equal success. More interest was taken in music, and the Grade XI plays must be mentioned as a significant in making this year an outstanding one. Then, too, Stanstead College had a weekly paper during the winter months. This sheet, called "The Light", published by David Morton and Norman Davis, was a pronounced success.

The third term, together with all the other spring activities, will be made especially memorable by the Royal visit of Their Majesties, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. The College students will catch a glimpse of their Majesties when they pass through Sherbrooke on June 12.

In presenting the Year Book for 1938-39, we would point out that these pages have almost entirely been written by members of the student body. Also, we would thank our advertisers, without whose support it would have been impossible to publish this issue, and all those who have contributed to the Annual.

The Editors.

The Magazine Board

Back row—Mr. F. Flemington (Advis. Ed.), Mr. J. D. McFadyen (Bus. Manager), J. Mark, G. McCune, Mr. E. C. Amaron, R. MacIntosh, R. Racicot.
Front row—D. Stafford, A. Braithewaite, F. Curtis, D. MacIntosh (Ed.), M. Walsh, Miss M. Flint, P. Wilson.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

Fellow Students: It has fallen upon me as a member of one of the graduating classes of 1939 to express a few thoughts suitable to this occasion.

I do so with keen appreciation of the relationship which exists between us, of the relationship between students and teachers and of the part which we will now have to play in the world of affairs.

Fellow students, we have been companions for the past year, a year to some of us of close application to our studies, a year of fellowship and recreation, a year of mental and physical improvement. We have sympathized with each other in our various moods, and have enjoyed school life in each other's society. We go hence with our diplomas which are keys, as it were, to the doors of science, art, and music. We are going out into the battle of life and what success we shall have, the future alone can tell.

Just what the future holds in store for us is unknown. We of the graduating classes will soon be scattered far and wide. Some of us will enter the realm of commerce, others will place themselves in industry, some will be scientists, but I am sure that whatever field of endeavour we enter we will uphold honourably all the past traditions which we have been taught here at school. But as we go forth, each to fulfil his destiny, I beg of you to forget any prejudices which you may have formed, and throughout your lives, should the occasion arise, try and be helpful to one another.

Members of the Faculty — we go from here with fond remembrances of you. We realize now, that in all things you have been just, tolerant, kind and good towards us. We have often had differences of opinion, we have often been quick to anger, forgetful that your counsel was in our own interests and in the interests of the common good. We know now, that you have always been our friends and in our hearts we have cherished no hatred towards you. We ask your forgiveness for our many pranks and we carry away with us thankfulness for all the favours we have received at your hands.

Fellow students of the 10th, 9th and 8th classes, I realize that probably some of you are worried as to your ability to finish school. Your troubles are nothing but morning dreams; you have good intellects and capable teachers and if you fail you will have only your want of attention to blame for it. High school is not difficult and if you try you will succeed. You are remaining behind and it is your task to maintain the integrity and honour of this institution.

Now that the hour of parting is nigh, we confess to a tinge of sadness but this sadness is only a testimonial to the feeling of affection which we will always hold for our Alma Mater.

ROLAND W. RACICOT.

PAST AND PRESENT

The Lord who made the pioneer
Made all his problems great and clear:
To fell the log and raise the shack,
And turn the hungry forest back,
And bruise a living from the land
With creaking plough and blistered hand.
And we, who in these giant days
Seem built with pigmy hearts and ways,
Will all too frequently be told
That pioneers, with spirits bold,
Would reach with faith and purpose keen
The ends we seek but have not seen.
But we, beset on left and right
By foes no mortal hand can fight,
Upon a world of disarray,
With standards gone and goals astray,
Can envy now the pioneer,
Whose problems God made great and clear!

John A. B. McLeish.

THE SEARCH

I do not look for Thee, O God, in summer dawns
When morning vapours touch the quiet hills,
And morning sunshine streams with gentle peace
Through leaded windows of my little room.
I do not seek Thee in the lovely dusk
Of autumn twilights, when the busy world,
Weary with labour, puts its work aside,
And rings with joy of happy homecomings.
Nor in those afternoons of wintry days,
When boys, with faces rosy with the wind,
Slide, stick in hand, and shout with noisy glee.
Nor search I for Thee where the fragrant breath

Of re-awakening Nature fills the air.
Nor in the clear, unrealizing eyes
Of little children innocent of pain.
But in those smelly streets I look for You,
Where chimney stacks have blotted out the sky,
And sunlight was forgotten long ago;
And in the half-apologetic smiles
Of shabby, beaten men, who, wronging none,
Stare at the world in dull bewilderment;
And in the anguished cries of them in pain
Whom never healing can restore again;
And in the throbbing fears of my own heart.
And if Thou art not here, O God, then I
Will still remember Thee, but go my own sad way.

John A. B. McLeish.

THE STAR

I paused a moment beside the spring
That sang in the cool, damp early-night,
And heard the notes that the late birds sing,
And watched the shades of the changing light—
But of my star I had no sight.

Only the stretch of deepening sky,
Held like a bowl in the ring of trees,
And the cool caress as the wind went by
With a sound like the singing of distant seas—
All that I saw and felt were these.

Then all in a moment beside a pine
That brushed the sky with its lofty brow,
I saw the star I had watched for, shine
Serene and splendid beyond a bough
That jutted forth like a lonely prow.

And I stood and gazed in the evening still
At the dauntless light of that distant gleam,
And the healing wind came over the hill
And stirred the grasses beside the stream,
And touched my face as I stood in a dream.

Then I dipped my pail in the running brook,
And raised it dripping from waters sweet,
And, standing, turned for a last long look
At my star that ever tired eyes will meet;
And homeward went with unwearied feet.

John A. B. McLeish.

I DISLIKE SCHOOL, BUT . . .

Place: Stanstead College.

Time: Halfway through the middle term.

Climate: The usual thing—that gentle west breeze blowing the soft, light snow, or should I say, that west gale blowing like . . . Never mind; we all know Stanstead is noted for clean, pure, fresh air.

But now to get down to business. It was Friday afternoon and just a quarter of four. I dragged myself out into the hall. Someone spied me. "Hey, there, remember the basketball practice at four-thirty." I had forgotten, but why did they yell so loudly? Mr. G— heard, and I soon found myself flying upstairs to work on geometrical drawings till then. I had to come downstairs for a book, and while crossing the porch, two of the girls passed. They remarked, "No sports for us tonight; a slight temperature, so up to the Inn and to bed we go." I just groaned and slumped back upstairs, wondering why I couldn't have a temperature, cold, the grippe, or something so I could get a rest. Everyone else was having pretty good luck about it.

Well, I got out in due time and went to the practice. Friday night I found myself actually praying for a sore throat so I could rest too. Saturday a basketball game, and we lost, which added to my depressed mood. Saturday night was unamusing, and again I looked for the cold.

Sunday morning the first thing I was aware of was a beastly sore throat and a headache. Funny, but now I had them, I wasn't so keen about staying in bed. I got up and managed to get out of going to Church. I felt miserable all day, but managed to keep going. By night I could hardly talk and had a fever. Monday morning and my wish had come true. I could stay in bed all day. But what good was it? I was too far gone to know whether I was in my bed or my grave. The family raced around with half a dozen remedies, and were looking for more. I refused them all, even the doctor when he was suggested. My chest and throat hurt so that cold orange juice and water were all that interested me. One of the girls came in after school with a bottle of coca cola, which I managed to spill all over myself.

Thus was the day, but as night drew on, I began to look forward to the time when I could go to sleep and forget it all. It came, but I dozed off for only a few seconds. Alice in Wonderland

came knocking at my bedpost. And of all the foolish things, she brought all her animal friends. What a thing to do when I was so tired and sick! But I soon found out there was more. They had all brought their skates, and insisted on figure-skating over the bed, walls, ceiling and me. Their visit lasted the whole night, and about dawn, one by one, they disappeared. I dozed off, but only to be awakened by a noisy kid brother banging around. Oh, well, he'd soon be in school and then I could sleep. Or could I? My throat was a little better, but I had developed a tight cough, plugged nose and burning eyes and head. Another day drags by, of which I remember very little, except orange juice and water. Tuesday night I had no visitors, and spent most of it drinking water, usually waking up each time to find an empty glass, which I would try and get up and fill, in the act running into not less than four door-casings, two each way.

Never mind, Wednesday was here. No, I hadn't decided whether I would live again or not. I felt much better as far as my throat went, but my head, eyes, and nose, how they burned and ached. I crawled downstairs, but found my knees weak and my head light, so went right back to bed. I again spent the night drinking water. Thursday I really began to think I might live. In fact, I felt pretty good, still light-headed, (people will say I should be used to that by now), nose still blocked and a rattling cough, but otherwise I was fairly well off. Thursday night I managed to drink only three glasses of water.

Well, would you believe it? It's Friday and another week gone. I still didn't feel very peppy, so just lounged around and coughed all day. What a week! or was it a nightmare? It was terrible anyway. If I remember correctly, back at the beginning I think I was wishing for the grippe so I could rest. I had the grippe, but let me tell you, it's no rest. Even Latin class doesn't begin to compare with it. Never again shall I look for such a thing.

Over the week-end I recovered sufficiently so I could return to school on Monday. What was the first thing I heard? Yes, you guessed it—a composition for the school magazine. Well, you asked for it, and you got it. But before I sign off, remember this: Don't wish for the grippe, not even for a rest. College is heaven compared to what I went through.

MOLLY LAING, GR. IX.

GRADE XII CLASS PROPHECY

April 1, 1964.

"Venimus, vidimus, vicimus" — so what? In other words, the conquering activities of the class way back in '39 were not stressed as much, perhaps, as the glad-eye and the insult. I speak from experience (ah! that sonorous voice of experience), having put such into practice. Old, bent, and crippled, I often like to reminisce on those gay times we had. It acts like an elixir on my poor, care-worn soul—or am I being sentimental, or aren't I—No, my shoes are just wearing out. This introduction is solely (subtle, but after all, I'm no Fibber McGee) for effect. Merely to set the scene, so to speak. And what a scene!

Yes, what a scene, lovely blue skies, feathery floating clouds, a bright sun (and at my age, too), beautiful loftly trees waving gently in the breeze (whoa! there goes my hat), blooming flowers, and my bloomin' car with two flat tires.

Cursing my luck, I struggled from my seat (my, my, how could I ever have done that?). I gazed dejectedly at the two flats, which looked like two overgrown doughnuts with the holes at the circumference instead of in the middle. Suddenly I spied a herd of cows sauntering down the road, and ambling behind them, cheerily whistling "Hold Tight", came a dark-eyed, unshaven creature with a derby hat perched on his head. Where had I heard that tune before? Had it been at the "Greasy Spoon" in Medicine Hat or at an old S. W. C. prom? I suspected the latter. I hailed the good fellow. And then the light broke (no wonder, Brother Ratt had it at the breaking-point for weeks). It was no other than that illustrious, natty (or do I mean batty?) student, who, it is rumored, acquired his gift of gab by kissing the Blarney Stone.

"Why, Roland William Racicot, what are you doing here?"

"Well, does it look like I'm conducting the Philharmonic?"

This reply denoted that he had recognized me, and he removed his lid (he never did, folks, but S. W. C.'s strong on manners. Some commercial, eh?).

"Why, Rollie, what's happened to those crisp, dark wavy locks?"

"Oh, those. Well, I got Bald-win I married."

"You look like quite a Ruby-n. Whither the bovines?"

"Homewards, sis. I'm general handy-man on Ransom's combined farm and summer resort. Want to see some of the old gang? There are quite a few hanging out around here."

"Sure," I said, and followed along. Ordinarily I wouldn't have, but this is a continuous tale (what! those cows again).

We arrived at the farmhouse and I soon had renewed my acquaintance with my genial (I did *not* say genius) host, Edgar Ransom. He informed me that he had completed his engineering course three years before. (I knew that course was long, but that seems unreasonable). His first job had been a bridge, but it refused to hold the patient's teeth in. Pardon me, that's the wrong bridge. I mean the bridge over Bull Creek, Arkansas. Anyway, when the first person passed over, it collapsed, so now Edgar was tilling the soil. Such is life.

Edgar left the room to hunt up his director of the "Ransom Recuperating Roost." Rollie poured me a drink of—(name witheld). I glanced about the room. Over the fireplace hung a picture.

"Some Mur(i)el you've got there," I mentioned. His reply was cut off by the entrance of none other than Dorothy Stafford. She had on a yellow sweater with a red crest upon it, which reminded me of an old Grade X student's apparel.

"Dot, how well you're looking. You must have lost at least 35 pounds."

"Well, excuse me!"

"Anyway, what have you been doing Dot? It's a quarter of a century since I've seen you." (That makes her 43, folks.)

"Oh, running a kindergarten mostly. I'm children's director here."

"How do you like it?"

"Oh, it's such fun!"

Just then a brat popped his head in the door and shouted, "Hey, sister, snap out of the fog. I want to go swimmin' and I ain't aimin' to hang around all day."

"Just a minute, dearie. Oh, the sweet things. But they're so impatient. But what have you been doing, Flossie?"

"Plenty, Dot. I Russelled up a job as housekeeper, but found myself afflicted with a serious disease—dishwater hands. So I took up a physical ed. course and ended up as a chorus girl. I went fine until I tried to take a bow and fell off the front of the stage. I was picked up, though, by a red-haired guy in the front row, and do you know who it was?" (You know darn well who it was, folks.) "From then on it was easy Scho-ing."

"Well, well. Well, we'll (have to watch out, or we'll have a flood any minute now) I must be getting along. There's a dance tonight at the beach and I'll see you there. 'Bye."

A knock sounded on the door. Edgar went to open it and the first thing we saw was a foot hastily shoved between door and casing. Ah, this gentleman's occupation was only too clear. Then in stepped our old Mag. Ed. (not maggot), Dave MacIntosh. He did not recognize us at first and started to spout. "Mister, I have here a new novel. The one and only "Corpse in the Water Pitcher", written for the big ones, the little ones, the in-between ones. Only $1.50, 12 bits, 15 dimes. The chance of . . . well, cut my legs off and call me Shorty (courtesy Good News program), look who's here. Shake a paw, bud."

"Hiya, pedlar. What ya been doin'?"

"Oh, I've been around. Writing this and that. I'm selling this novel right now."

"Who's it by?"

"Me. It's my first—and last. The publishers, poor fools that they were, printed 500 copies, and I'm trying to sell them."

"You haven't taken all this time to write *that*, have you?"

"No, I was editor of the 'Mapleque Sap' in P. E. I. for several years, but the circulation was only 83, so I got discouraged and gave it up."

We chatted on some time, and I sat down to read the paper. On the first page I came across the headline "Secretary Blanchard Solves U. S. Labor War; Lewis and Green Reconciled." I read on, and sure enough the first name was Harriet. Our old schoolmate, Harriet Elizabeth Blanchard. "The Times" gave a short account of the life of the Labor Secretary. The story was the biggest American scoop in years (eliminating the invention of the two-decker ice cream cone, of course). I devoured the entire story avidly. Betty, the Times said, had been snatched up by Liggett and Myers as their chief tobacco auctioneer, for her fame for speaking 400 words a minute had spread. (At that, she was below her mark set at S. W. C.) Later she was invited to chant on the Lucky Strike program (I couldn't be sure whether Liggett and Myers make Luckies, or not), and made such a pronounced hit that the President discovered and engaged (hired) her. (Does that follow? I doubt it.)

We had gingerale and artichokes for supper

(that's enough to choke anybody), and then sauntered down to "Ransom's Recuperating Roost's" swanky dance hall.

There we saw, leading his Ragtime Rhythm Raggers, the little maestro, Bill "Sax" Carson. After his own arrangement of Bach's Opus (work, to you) No. 57, we approached and surprised him. He informed us that upon leaving school he had continued peddling his papers, made especially profitable by his B. Sc. Later, said he, he began announcing hockey games. Bill became confused between teams, what with the cigar smoke, and all, and had two teams going at it hammer and tongs, two teams that were no less than 500 miles apart, so decided to quit. (Like heck, I bet he was fired.) After this followed a truck-driving job between Hawkesbury and Rock Island, but Bill decided to take a short cut by going via New York, and arrived in time to fill in on a Major Bowes Hour. He was discovered by Artie Shaw, and finally took over Shaw's position (Shaw enough, he did) when that demented jitterbug blew his brains out through a French horn.

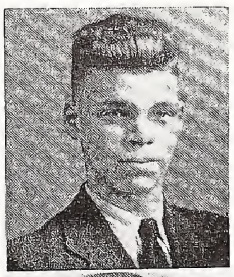
At this moment a trumpet blared forth, and a tall chap, with a beak like an eagle's ambled out onto the floor with a mass of ropes. Again, I had run across an old school-fellow, none other than our rope-spinning piano-tuner, Weyland Mosher. He later came over to our table, and between gulps of milk, told us an amazing story. For a while he had been a Clarke in MacTavish, MacTavish, MacTavish and Smith Co., but why, he did not say. Because of his ability to hang a noose around a man's neck and string him up all in one motion, he soon became Alabama's premier lyncher. He migrated to Hollywood and soon secured a part as serander to Rosie Gird in the super-colossal film, "Tee-totaller of the Drawing Room". Then—ah, heck, folks, I'm worn out, and am sure you are too. If, from this conglomeration of facts, you can pick out the Person Most Likely to Succeed, you're a better prevaricator than I am.

Yours for bigger and better puns,

FLORENCE CURTIS.

Senior Matriculation 1939

"And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare."



DAVID NORMAN MacINTOSH "Mac"
Born: Sherbrooke, Aug. 24, 1921.
Schools: S. W. C. '27-'39.
Pet aver.: Gags and Gals.
Ambition: To own a newspaper.
Fav. exp.: Haw, haw!
Activities: House League Hockey, Editor, College Scribe, Ed. Magazine.
"She was nat undergrowe."

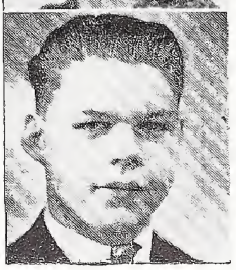
DOROTHY VELMA STAFFORD "Dot"
Born: Montreal, Oct. 15, 1920.
Schools: George Esplin, West Hill, S. W. C. '38-'39.
Pet aver.: Looking for her roommate.
Ambition: To loose ten pounds.
Fav. exp.: Excuse me!
Activities: Chorus, Senior Basketball, Senior Softball, Tennis, Magazine Board.
"I'm not right, I doubt, boys, I've such a sleepy head."

ROLAND WILLIAM RACICOT "Rollie"
Born: Sherbrooke, Dec. 21, 1919.
Pet aver.: Wise-cracking in Maths Class.
Ambition: Census-taker on a desert island.
Fav. exp.: Well-I-I?
Activities: League of Nations, House League B-ball, Valedictorian, Ski Team, Mag. Board, Debating Team.
"O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright."

FLORENCE MURIEL CURTIS "Flossie"
Born: Montreal, July 22, 1920.
Schools: S. W. C. '27-'39.
Pet aver.: Another Sir Galahad.
Ambition: Edmonton Grads.
Fav. exp.: It's terrific!
Activities: Senior B-ball (Capt.), Senior Hockey, Senior Softball, Tennis, League of Nations, Mag. Board.
"The tall Musician walked the room
With folded arms and gleaming eyes."

WILLIAM ROSS CARSON "Kit"
Born: Coburg, Ont., Nov. 22, 1920.
Schools: S. W. C. '29-'39.
Pet aver.: Peddling his papers.
Ambition: Absolutely none.
Fav. exp.: Ah, phooey!
Activities: House League hockey
"Full many a rose is born to blush unseen."

HARRIET ELIZABETH BLANCHARD "Betty"
Born: Newport, Vt., Jan. 10, 1920
Schools: Newport, S. W. C. '38-'39.
Pet aver.: Other stubborn people
Ambition: To fashion Canadian schools along American lines.
Fav. exp.: For goodness' sake, Dot, hurry up!
Activities: Chorus, Social Committee, Debating Team.
"His heart's his mouth;
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent."



GEORGE EDGAR RANSOM "Ed"
Born: Montreal, May 13, 1921.
Schools: Herbert Simon's, Knowlton, S. W. C. '37-'39.
Pet aver.: Insults.
Ambition: A girl friend.
Fav. exp.: So what?
Activities: Rugby, House League Hockey, House League B-ball.

GRADE XI CLASS PROPHECY

"Extra! Extra! Read all about it! 1949 Stanstead World's Fair opens today!"

It's going to be a grand day, and there's a lot to see, so let's hurry along and be there for the official opening. Just look at that crowd surging around the gates. Why, the crowd the New York World's Fair of '39 drew was only a drop in the bucket compared to this one!

I hear that our old friend, Charlie Comstock, the mayor of Stanstead is officiating at the opening. Charlie's ambition was to be mayor of Tomifobia, but there were greater things in store for him. Look! there he is now, with his silk hat, tails and silver-headed cane; doesn't he look distinguished? But we always knew Charlie would make a name for himself.

Doesn't that tall, dark, handsome man over there look like Grant George? He's immaculately dressed, even to the carnation in his button-hole. There are rumors that he made quite a fortune playing the market. Well, "Grampie" was always one for an easy life.

What can the big attraction be over in the Canada building? Let's go and find out. Just as I thought, it's none other than Pat Davis, the she ski daredevil of Canada demonstrating the simple art of skiing. Watch her take off! . . . hold your breath! . . . what a perfect landing! But Pat's fans seem to be occupying her now so we'll have to wait until later to talk to her.

Someone told me that a young engineer had made quite a name for himself by inventing a super-colossal electric furnace. Let's look it over while we are in the Canada building. They say the chap is demonstrating it himself. If we move nearer we can get a better view. No, it can't be —surely not Peter Poapst! But it is—but not the modest Peter of '39 whom we used to know! Congratulations, Pete. Hot stuff!

I'm getting hungry, aren't you? How about a hot dog? I see a stand over there. Am I dreaming, or is that really "Fat" Huitson behind the counter? When he was a wee lad going to school in '39, his ambition was to get to the New York World's Fair; but now a bigger and better one is coming to him. By the amount of business he's doing, it looks like the S. W. C. kids still like hot dogs.

A day at the Fair wouldn't be complete without visiting the midway. So come along, there's no time like the present. Look at that man over there on the merry-go-round with those two adorable children. Goodness, it's our old classmate Jack Angrove. His ambition has certainly come true. You say their names are Allen and Bea? I wonder why he chose those names!

But we mustn't miss the races. I hear Dave Schofield has entered a horse—he always was a great one for the track. We're just in time. The horses are at the barrier, but they seem to be having trouble with Buttercup (that's Dave's horse). But they're off at last . . . look at them go! . . . Oh . . . Ah . . . Buttercup won by a neck!

Do you hear what I hear? Listen. "Come and hear Professor Paul d'Albenas, lecturing on his own personal experiences in education. His subject will be 'A Matriculation After Twenty Easy Years." This sounds as if it might be the real McCoy, so we'll have to take it in.

There's Ruby Alexander, coming out of Le Salon à la Standish, looking younger and blonder than ever. I'm going to renew old acquaintances. "Well, if it isn't Ruby Alexander. I certainly am glad to see you again."

"So sorry, but I am now the Countess de Tomifobia. I have just returned from Reno, where I have secured a divorce from my eighth husband. By the way, I have just had my daily facial from our friend Sybil, who always attends to me personally. Her exciting new mud pack, dug out of our river bank, does wonders for the face—you should try it. Really, my deah, I am charmed indeed to have seen you. Au revoir."

The Fair looks even more impressive by night, when all the buildings are illuminated. Do you see that neon sign to your right? It says "The Light". Surely that couldn't be the S.W.C. weekly paper we received each Monday. But let's go in and find out. It must be, because isn't that Alberta Braithwaite in the editor's office. I wonder which of the two is really boss! She may be small, but . . . !

Remember that chap selling papers as we were coming in? I Just found out he is Ron McCune, and selling the "Light" at that. When Ron is not exercising his lungs pedalling that rag, he is taking a bus man's holiday announcing for the local station PUNK.

Now for the highlights of the day's events. Let's find our reserved seats in the stadium so we won't miss any of the most gigantic variety show ever staged in North America. One of the main

attractions will be Frances Shipway and her world famous swing band.

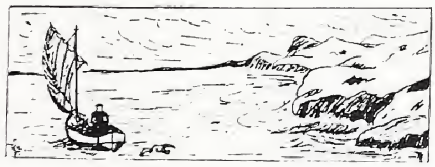
John Waterman, who is now on a personal appearance tour, after being voted the most popular screen star, has stopped over for a night and will again charm an audience of thousands with his sixteen carat personality. He received his first fan-mail after his appearance as Archibald Campbell in "Campbell of Kilmohr" away back in '39. Now he's the idol of millions of women and the despair of millions of husbands. I wonder if he still uses the same old line.

Since the League of Nations has been changed to the "League of Notions", Margaret Walsh, its capable chairman, has been devoting all her time to the problem of creating one style of clothes for women of all nations, believing that if one country doesn't have to keep up with the Joneses of another, they'll have more time to solve all other international problems. These creations are being presented for the first time on the continent here tonight, by Marg and Elizabeth Stubbs, her most capable assistant.

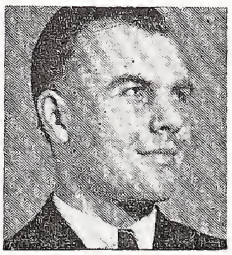
The biggest and last event of the evening will be when Muriel Varney, the world's fattest lady, and her pet snakes, "Rollie", "John", "Dick", and "Bob", present their unique version of the "shag". Muriel began to gain the year she came to Stanstead and she's been getting fatter ever since.

The lights are being dimmed, the curtain is rising, and the show is about to begin, so let's settle down for a good evening's entertainment.

"PLANTER'S".

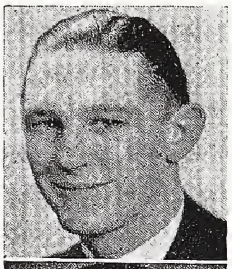


Junior Matriculation 1939

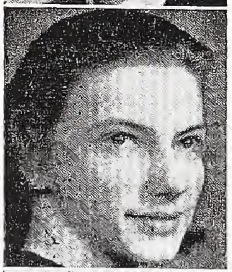


JOHN HARVEY ANGROVE
(Jack)
Quot.: "Love goes towards love, as schoolboys from their books."
Born: Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que., October 29, 1920.
Schools: Macdonald High, S.W.C.
Fav. exp.: Well gees!
Ambition: To get married and have two kids.
Pastime: Getting in a lather over "Soapy".
Activities: Grade XI play, Social Committee '39, Senior Football '38, Senior Hockey '39.

RUBY ELIZABETH ALEXANDER
Quot.: "How hard it is for woman to keep counsel."
Born: Beebe, Sept. 25, 1922.
School: S. W. C.
Fav. exp.: Or something.
Ambition: Registered nurse.
Pastime: Reading novels.
Activities: Grade XI play, Basketball Team '39, Track Team '38.



PAUL WRIGHT d'ALBENAS
Quot.: "For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth—
I only speak right on."
Born: Montreal, January 4, 1919.
Schools: St. Lambert High; Queen's College, Nassau, Bahamas; S. W. C.
Fav. exp.: Yes Sir, I am—
Ambition: To get through a year without a "gate".
Pastimes: Skiing, Golf.
Activities: Grade XI play, Debating Team (Grade X), Chorus, Senior Rugby '34-'39; Senior Basketball '35-'39, House League Hockey '33-'39, Track '33-'39.



SYBIL STANDISH
Quot.: "Undisturbed by stress or hurry
Inclined to work but not to worry."
Born: Magog, March 4, 1922.
Schools: S. W. C.
Fav. exp.: Whojakeapiby.
Ambition: Miss Godue II.
Pastime: Social skating, knitting
Activities: Grade XI play (producer of Catherine Parr), Basketball '39.

CHARLES FRANKLYN COMSTOCK
Quot.: "A solemn boy with sober viz,
Who eats his grub and minds his biz."
Born: Tomifobia, Que. May 31, 1919.
Schools: S. W. C.
Fav. exp.: I guess.
Ambition: To be mayor of Tomifobia.
Pastime: Missing school; guns.
Activities: Grade XI play, Reading, "Doing the town" in his car.

JOHN RICHARDSON LINDOL WATERMAN

Quot.: "O Sleep, it is a gentle thing
Beloved from pole to pole."
Born: Franklin, Mass., November 18, 1918.
Schools: Rock Island Convent, S. W. C.
Pet av.: Letting Muriel get one up on him.
Fav. ex.: "But look who I AM."
Amb.: To find a teacher who will let him sleep.
Activities: Grade XI plays, debating team Grade XI, football '33-'38, Track '35-'37, House League Hockey '35-'37, House League Basketball '34-'37, Tennis '35-'39.

MARGARET EDNA WALSH (Marg)

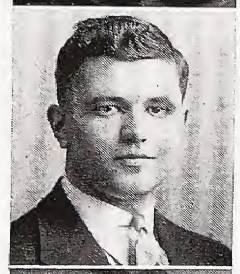
Quot.: "Eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow we diet."
Born: Roseneath, Ont., Sept. 3, 1919.
Schools: Maberly Collegiate, Ont. Harrowsmith Academy, Ont., S. W. C.
Fav. exp.: Je ne comprends pas.
Ambition: To have people stop calling her a "suicide" blonde.
Activities: Pres. of Seicl '39, Debating team Grade VIII, IX, X, XI, Chorus, S. C. M. executive '37-'38, Magazine Board '34-'39, President 6th Model Assembly, Grade XI play (producer of "Campbell of Kilmohr"), Pres. Grade XI Dramatic Club, Softball '39, Basketball '36, '37, '39, Hockey '35, '39, Social Committee '39.

GRANT HALL GEORGE (Grampie)

Quot.: "Shame! Where is thy blush?"
Born: Mansonville, Aug. 8, 1919.
Schools: Mansonville Intermediate, S. W. C.
Pet aver.: When the twins go home.
Fav. exp.: The Tobacco Auctioneer's Chant.
Ambition: None!
Activities: Grade XI play, House League Hockey '38-'39, Senior Basketball '39, Track '38-'39.

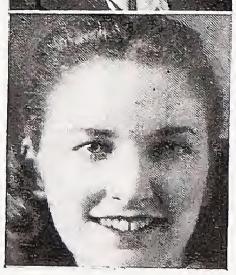
FRANCES ANNIE SHIPWAY

Quot.: "A woman sometimes scorns what sometimes best contents her."
Born: Stanstead, July 28, 1922.
Schools: S. W. C.
Pet aver.: Giving in.
Fav. exp.: I'm not so dumb.
Ambition: To be "queen of swing"
Activities: Grade XI play (producer of the "Discovery").



FRANK JOSEPH HUITSON "Fat"

Quot.: "Wisely and slow; they stumble that run too fast."
Born: Montreal, May 20, 1920.
Schools: Huntingdon Academy, Rock Island Convent, S. W. C.
Pet. aver.: Having to be polite to his sister.
Fav. exp.: "Hi-ya!"
Ambition: To get enough money to get to the NewYork World's Fair.
Activities: Grade XI play, Senior Football, Track.



MURIEL CATHERINE VARNEY (Moo)

Quot.: "Work and worry have killed lots of good girls, so why should I take a chance?"
Born: Sherbrooke, June 29, 1921.
Schools: Windsor Mills, Consolidated, S. W. C.
Fav. exp.: Ow! Cut it out, John!
Ambition: To "really" fall in love.
Activities: Grade XI play, Chorus, Hockey Tteam '39, Softball, Team '38.

ALBERTA SHANKS BRAITHWAITE (Peanut)

Quot.: "And still they gazed and still their wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she knew."
Born: Montreal, Que., August 7, 1920.
Schools: Huntingdon Academy, S. W. C.
Pet aver.: A. P's classes in general.
Fav. exp.: Oh, you're just an old whiz!
Ambition: To be private secretary to a certain editor.
Activities: Grade XI play, Softball Team '38, Magazine Board, Skating, Riding.

PETER ALLAN POAPST (Pete)

Quot.: "Oh that it were my chief delight
To do the things I ought."
Born: Lethbridge, Alberta. November 1, 1921.
Schools: S. W. C.
Pet. aver.: Society.
Fav. exp.: I don't believe it.
Ambition: To build an electric furnace.
Activities: Grade XI plays (electrician), Football '37-'38, House League Hockey '38-'39, Senior Hockey '38, Border League Hockey '38, Border League Hockey '39, Track '32-'39.

FRANCES PATRICIA DAVIS (Pat)

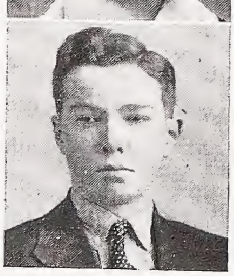
Quot.: "She cannot check her girlish blush, her colour comes and goes."
Born: Montreal, Que., October 3, 1921.
Schools: Morin Heights Intermediate, S. W. C.
Pet aver.: The old cow bell.
Fav. exp.: You know—I mean
Ambition: To marry a dentist's son.
Activities: Grade XI play, Chorus, Softball Team '38, Skiing (in a big way).

RONALD HANSEN McCUNE (Cukie)

Quot.: "Men of few words are the best men."
Born: Rock Island, Feb. 24, 1922.
Schools: S. W. C.
Pet aver.: Talking to the "fair sex".
Ambition: To own a newspaper stand on the corner of St. Catherine and Windsor.
Activities: Grade XI play (stage manager), House League Hockey '35-'39, Football '38, Track '37.

ELIZABETH VENITA STUBBS (Betty)

Quot.: "School she loved, but love laughed to scorn."
Born: Montreal. May 6, 1921.
Schools: Drummondville High; Gault Institute, Valleyfield; Beebe High, S. W. C.
Pet aver.: Staying in bed after 6 a.m.
Fav. exp.: Well!
Ambition: School Ma'am.
Activities: Costumer (Grade XI) plays, Chorus, Captain Softball Team '38.



FREDERICK DAVID SCHOFIELD (Buttercup)

Quot.: "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."
Born: Winnipeg, Manitoba. April 30, 1921.
Schools: St. John's Winnipeg,
Pet aver.: Blushing!
Fav. exp.: Still love me?
Ambition: To find a short-cut up the plain.
Activities: Grade XI play, Chorus, Football '38, '39, Track '38-'39.

GRADE XI PLAYS

On Friday night, December 9, Grade Eleven students presented three one-act plays in Pierce Hall. The following review, written by one of the Magazine staff, appeared a few days later in a weekly issue of the Stanstead Journal. We thought it the best way to publish an account of such a fine presentation.

"The actors' and actresses' dressing rooms, namely, the practice rooms of Pierce Hall, were crammed with congratulating first-nighters after the admirable performances of the Grade XI students on Friday night. In other words, the three one-act plays were the best amateur presentations witnessed in this part of the country in a long, long time. For it would take a real good amateur performer to equal Muriel Varney's characterization of Mary Stewart in 'Campbell of Kilmohr', John Waterman's, Pat Davis', and Dave Schofield's acting in the same play, Paul d'Albenas' Columbus, Frank Huitson's Henry VIII, Ruby Alexander's Queen Catherine, or any other part, as far as that goes. The various interpretations, ranging from comic to tragic, were enacted well nigh perfectly.

"Herman Ould's 'Discovery', the first presentation, dealt with the discovery of America, and in the role of Columbus was Paul d'Albenas, who handled his difficult assignment well. The supporting members of the cast, particularly Jack Angrove as first-mate, Bruce Allen as cabin boy and Bob Johnson as the surly Francisco, were most efficient in their parts, while the members of the mutinous and sinister crew offered small but none the less fine portraitures, which were made especially noticeable by the well applied make-up.

"Following is the cast of 'Discovery': Columbus, Paul d'Albenas; Pedro Gutierrez, Jack Angrove; Pepe, Bruce Allen; Juan Patino, Cyril Balfry; Diego Garcia, David Schofield; Francisco, Robert Johnston; Guillermo Ires, Grant George; other seamen, Dick Aboud, Maurice Lepine, Edgar Ransom.

"Maurice Baring's 'Catherine Parr' was enacted without a single flaw. The blustering and irate Henry VIII was admirably undertaken by Frank 'Fat' Huitson, and the spiteful and obstinate Queen Catherine by Ruby Alexander. This comedy, enhanced by the witty performances of these two players, was especially pleasing. Alberta Braithwaite contributed a neat bit as the page.

"J. A. Ferguson's superb story of sacrifice and loyalty of a Scotch woman and her son, 'Campbell of Kilmohr', was the final play, and the best received, due, perhaps, to its greater depth than the first two. In less proficient hands, the play, we dare say, would have been a 'flop', but the outstanding work of the entire cast left nothing for one to wish for. John Waterman, as the cruel and brow-beating Campbell, had some difficult lines, but proved absolutely capable in the role. Dave Schofield, as the loyal Dugald Stewart, who triumphed in death, played his part excellently, especially this line: 'How does a lad take the boots off a red-coat?' and when Morag suggests the soldier might have been asleep, he says, 'Asleep! Asleep! Well, well, he sleeps sound enough now, with the ten toes of him pointed to the sky.'

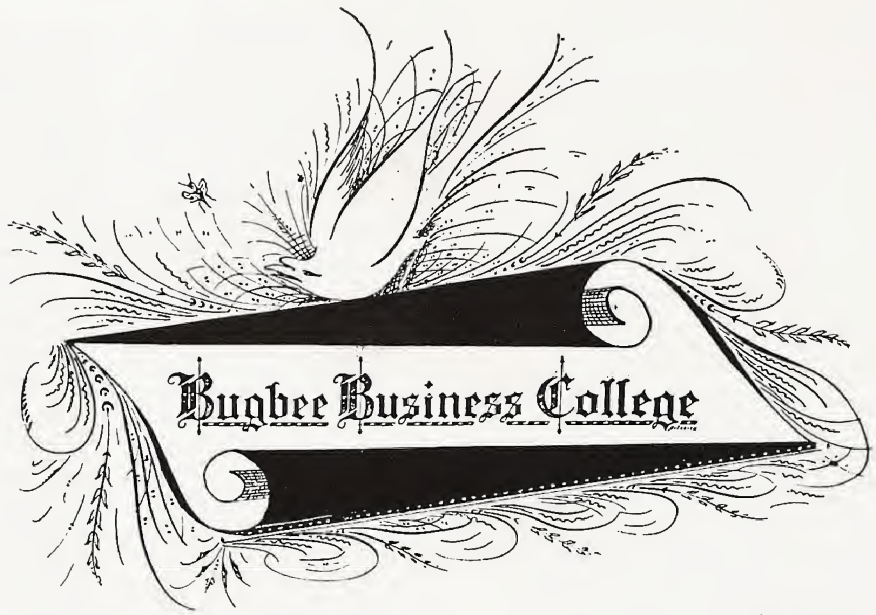
"In the two female roles were Patricia Davis, as Morag, the humble servant girl, and Muriel Varney, as Dugald's mother. Their two characterizations were no less than great. The latter's climatic speech, after the murder of her son on the orders of Campbell, was, shall we say, the most thrilling scene of the evening. Both exhibited a remarkable degree of natural talent. They were indeed wonderful pieces of acting. And this can be said of all the other parts. The play lacked the finish of 'Catherine Parr', and the players at times forgot their accents, but outside of that, it bore no criticism.

"The cast of 'Campbell of Kilmohr": Mary Stewart, Muriel Varney; Morag Cameron, Patricia Davis; Dugald Stewart, David Schofield; Archibald Campbell, John Waterman; Captain Sandeman, Charles Comstock; James Mackenzie, Ronald McCune; soldiers, Jack Angrove and Cyril Balfry.

"Considering the difficulties of staging a play in Pierce Hall, the scenery was excellent and most effective, especially in 'Discovery'. The deck of a ship is as difficult to stage as anything, but it was done expertly. Also the peat fire, required in 'Campbell of Kilmohr,' was ingeniously contrived and produced the desired effect.

"The costumes were all well chosen. It was difficult to distinguish between the real ones, as it were, and the concocted ones. Make-up artists Mrs. Stewart and Betty Blanchard did some fine jobs on their patients.

"Mr. Stewart, who put such a great deal of work into the organization and presentation of the plays, is to be heartily congratulated. His efforts were rewarded an hundredfold, if we judge from the tumultuous applause of the enthusiastic audience. We are only sorry for those who did not see the plays; they really missed something worth while. Congratulations Grade XI!"



Our college year is again drawing to a close. The students will return home with class rings or pins and group pictures to remind them of the pleasant year spent in Bugbee.

Although our attendance was lower because of lack of accommodation, we have had a very successful year.

In spite of the loss of our Shorthand teacher, Mr. Lloyd Farrow, during the winter term, Miss Cora Philip has filled his place ably and has brought the class through with flying colours.

The Literary Society played a very important part in the life of the Business College, and through it all the members had an opportunity to learn to speak and debate in the presence of their very critical fellow students. The "One Lung" was very candidly handled both terms and was the cause of a good deal of enlightenment and merriment.

The officers of the Society for the two terms are as follows:

FALL TERM		WINTER TERM
Mr. J. D. McFadyen	*Honorary President*	Mr. J. D. McFadyen
Jeff Mark	*President*	Phyllis Wilson
Douglas Galbraith	*First Vice-President*	Donald Montgomery
Donald Montgomery	*Second Vice-President*	George Wilkinson
Phyllis Wilson	*Recording Secretary*	Douglas Galbraith
Francis Wilkinson	*Corresponding Secretary*	Francis Wilkinson
Thelma Libby	*Editor of "One Lung"*	Mary Jane Sherry
Mr. Lloyd Farrow	*Treasurer*	Miss Cora Philip
Jean Dunbar	*Program Convener*	Alison Narraway

BUGBEE AT HOME

The high-point in the college social life, the annual Bugbee "At Home" was held on Saturday, February 25. The event was attended by a large number of former students of the institution, together with the young men and women now enrolled in the school.

An attractive programme was presented during the evening, consisting of musical selections and readings, with dancing enjoyed before and after the various numbers. The welcome was extended by Miss Phyllis Wilson, who briefly reviewed the history of the Literary Society, inaugurated over twenty years ago.

The receiving committee was composed of Mr. J. D. McFadyen, Miss Phyllis Wilson, Jeff Mark, Lloyd Farrow, Miss Janie Sherry and Douglas Galbraith. Jeff Mark acted as master of ceremonies.

Included on the programme were a vocal solo by Janie Sherry, a reading by Robert Johnston and a piano solo by Phyllis Wilson. A quartette composed of the Misses Narraway, Wallace, Dunbar and Wilson was also heard, as was a male quartette comprised of Weyland Mosher, David Morton, Jeff Mark and Bud MacKay—the "Four M's".

The event was held in the Bugbee building, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Refreshments were served during the evening.

A WORTHY AMBITION REALIZED

It is sometimes a most interesting experience to follow the course of one of our Business College graduates. They are numbered in the thousands and scattered to the four corners of the earth. Many of them are working in our metropolis where some have already made a name for themselves. Among the more spectacular figures of recent graduates we find the name of Tom Bready, who originally hailed from California, and hiked across the continent six times during his six years stay at Stanstead.

Four years ago this June Tom said good-bye to his Alma Mater and started for New York. He had been a student at Bugbee for four years, graduating in the secretarial course. Then for two years he remained on as Stenography teacher and was, consequently, well fitted to command a desirable position in a business office. He picked up a good job before he was three days in the big city. This position he held for nearly two years when he resigned and entered the service of Thomas Cook & Son. His new duties meant that the ambition of his life was going to be realized. He had a great longing for travel and adventure. He wanted to see the world.

Last year, Tom was one of two who were in charge of a touring party which visited Palestine as well as many other interesting ports on the north and south coasts of the Mediterranean.

Early in January of this year he was again taken on as one of the guides in a larger party that left New York in the fine Cunard liner, the Franconia, for a pleasure tour around the world. From cards and circulars that come weekly to the college, we learn that this luxurious liner has called at Port of Spain, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires and Montevideo—then across the South Atlantic to Africa, stopping at Capetown, Port Elizabeth, Zanzibar and Mombasa—many of the party making an inland tour to Rhodes Memorial, Durban and Victoria Falls. As the great ship moved on its course, they took in the Seychelles known as the Garden of Eden, Bombay, Colombo, Sumatra, Penang, Singapore and many other ports of interest among the islands of the East. The Hawaiian Islands were especially beautiful.

There will be a Franconia day in May at the California Exhibition in honour of the party. While there Tom will visit his father and sister Kay who live in San Mateo, nearby. The ship will then turn south and by way of the Panama Canal return to its port of starting in New York. Up to the time of writing the weather was the very best and there were no mishaps.

PHYLLIS M. WILSON

Montreal, Que.

Phyllis comes from Montreal,
And for our teacher, Lloyd, did fall.
But even so, in an exam,
Her perfect papers we can't slam.

JEFF I. MARK

Medstead, Sask.

Jeff, our very studious one,
Works from morn till day is done,
He hopes some day to take a rest
And "feather Caroline a nest."

MARGARET L. BAILEY

East Angus, Que.

Marg. Bailey comes to Bugbee, too,
There is no doubt but she'll get through;
Typing to Marg is merely play,
She'll break the record one fine day.

DOUGLAS H. GALBRAITH

Richmond, Que.

Doug. Galbraith loves to hang by things,
And most to Dorothy's apron strings,
When with our "Dotty" he's not out,
Then poor old "Red" drags him about.

ROTHA A. WALLACE

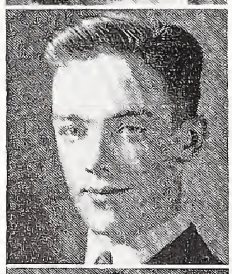
Granby, Que.

Rotha's the one with the dimpled smile
Who attracts each boy, but for awhile;
Her favourite words "Don't mind if I do",
Worry some; do they bother you?

ALFRED E. MacKAY

Sutton, Que.

Bud MacKay is quite a sport,
With vocal-girls he does consort,
But after all, if "Mike" were told,
Alfred would not be so bold.



ALISON S. NARRAWAY

Stanstead, Que.

Alison we can't forget,
She'll be a secretary yet;
Here's one fact she won't deny.
That "Dodges" are the cars to buy.

GEORGE WILKINSON

Beebe, Que.

George is next upon our list,
Who never yet a chance has missed,
To leave his work and make a call,
He dreams all day of a cottage small.

MARY JANE SHERRY

Asbestos, Que.

Janie is one who's very merry,
Her real name is Mary Sherry,
Jeff and "Red" she likes to pest,
Asbestos "Smith" she thinks is best.

DONALD MONTGOMERY

New Richmond, Que.

From Gaspé coast we get our "Red",
And just ask Betty if he's dead,
Newport's his loved parking place,
Montgomery we can ne'er replace.

FRANCES WILKINSON

Beebe, Que.

Fran. takes life just as it comes,
Though she should hurry; never runs,
Just the same she's liked by all,
And most by one in Montreal.

ROBERT H. JOHNSTON

Black Cape, Que.

Robert Johnston looks so fine,
That all the girls hand him a line,
He disregards them one and all,
Since Marion took him for a fall.

JEAN M. DUNBAR

Cabano, Que.

Just ask Sam what Dunbar's like,
He's taken her for many a hike,
Although she curls a pretty lip,
In Shorthand she is apt to slip.

RAYMOND McMORINE

Richmond, Que.

McMorine likes to make a hit,
But's disappointed quite a bit,
He tried our Rotha but was burnt,
To leave the girls alone he learnt.

THOMAS MILLET

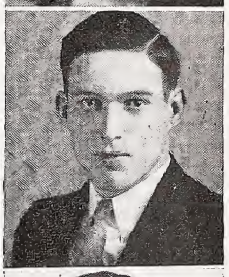
Rock Island, Que.

Tom Millet is no one's fool,
However, he likes skipping school,
Now, Rotha seems to like the boy,
We hope they'll both have lasting joy.

DORIS LUXFORD

East Angus, Que.

Our Luxford girl is short and blonde,
Of "Bill-ing" and "Cy-ing" she's very fond,
Her ambition is to marry one,
With plenty of money to rely upon.



EDGAR McLELLAN

Caplin River, Que.

Edgar McLellan, alias "Joe",
Has little ambition we all know;
Of French he cannot justly boast,
He too comes from the Gaspé coast.

THELMA G. LIBBY

Ayer's Cliff, Que.

Thelma studies hard in class,
And really does deserve to pass,
She likes to sing but best to dance,
And jumps with joy at every chance.

DALTON J. DOWNING

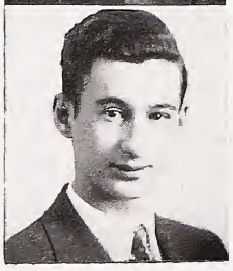
Derby Line, Vt.

Downing comes from U. S. A.,
And with Lepine he loves to play,
Although he seems to work so hard,
It shows not on his report card.

MILDRED VARNEY

Windsor Mills, Que.

Mil Varney is a fair young lass,
Who wastes her time in every class.
From dinner hour until the bell,
She's deep in "Grampy's" magic spell.



DOUGLAS F. PUTNEY

Rock Island, Que.

Putney used to go to schools,
But quit; and took up papa's tools,
His week it was both short and sweet,
And J. D. was his special treat.

No Pictures Available

MAURICE LEPINE

Magog, Que.

Maur'ce Lepine from Magog hies,
His clothes are flashy on the eyes,
With girls he likes to make a hit,
Although in class he sleeps a bit.

ALAN R. CLELAND

Newport, Vt.

From Newport, Alan Cleland comes,
He cuts his fingers, not his thumbs,
Though many girls he claims to know,
He doesn't show them all to "Joe".
Our teaching staff was rent this year,
When Farrow had to disappear;
But Cora Philip filled his shoes
Before the "Director" blew a fuse.

THE CULMINATION OF EDUCATION

What would happen if every nation
Who stresses the value of education,
Brought to light the termination
Of the much despised examination
Of science, art, and multiplication?
I'm very sure this generation
Remembering the very famed quotation,
"The spice of life is variation",
Would accept the situation
Without the slightest hesitation;
And with great anticipation
Welcome the longed-for innovation:
June . . . without examination.

P. M. WILSON, Bugbee.

A GRADE TEN NEMESIS

or

Lines Written While Listening to the Stanley Cup Play-offs

We feel we must divulge to you
Our life in old Grade Ten, so
Although we know the rhythm's bad,
The lines don't even rhyme,
The metre smells like apricots,
The thoughts are not sublime;
Without adieu we bring to you
(We feel it necessaire)
The words just as they came to us,
Sans teeth, and claws, and hair.

The ray of sunshine of our class
Is Dot Gilbert by name;
Latin is her Waterloo,
To Mr. Hackett's shame.

Here sweats our noble journalist,
Who hails from Montreal,
His name is David Morton, and
He's much esteemed by all.

And Norman Davis fairly takes
The girls' Braith waite away;
He is a partner in the "Light",
And works both night and day.

Now Marg'ret Wadleigh drives a car,
A green one—it's a Ford;
The boys make profit out of this—
A ride is their reward.

Cy Balfry is a St. Johns' lad,
Has always things to do,
His pet aversion here in school
Is being charged "Un sou!"

Dot Prangley is our B-ball star,
She hurls a deadly ball,
She also dons the goaler pads,
And tries the puck to stall.

Dick Aboud is a woman's man,
And takes a lot of banter,
He's got black hair and big brown eyes,
And looks like Eddie Cantor.

Rod Kelley "smears 'em" on the wing
To help the football team.
He wears a kiss-curl in his hair
To make the females beam.

John Poaps' hair is very short,
In fact, it's quite mowed down;
With worries over Maths and French,
He'll soon have a bald crown.

Keith Baldwin hails from that fair urbs
Which bears his honoured name,
And, coming from the backwoods, we
Have found him hard to tame!

Miss Thibedeau can always talk,
In fact, she's seldom quiet,
The things she talks about sometimes
Will almost start a riot.

That Alex Blair works hard, we know,
He's a very busy man,
He rises early in the morn
To get a sunrise tan.

Gwen Allenby, we think, would make
A very ideal wife,
Although flighty, we feel quite sure,
She'd not cause family strife.

Doug Maitland is a husky lad,
He bucks 'em through the line;
His B. C. S. game deserves a place
In the well known "March of Time."

For concentration plus hard work
We recommend Bill Veit;
A lab. will be a boon to him,
In this he's hard to beat.

Bill Gould was born an athlete,
He's forward, back and center;
S. W. C. thinks he's the best
That Feller ever sent her.

Terry Modeland's a sleepy lad,
He loves to yawn and snore,
Though off around the heart he goes,
He still comes back for more.

Of all the girls that live in town
And on the Stanstead Plain,
The one that turns our heads too far
Is pretty Hilda Lane.

Sarcastic member of the lot
Is known as Marg LeBaron,
Her humor isn't always smart.
But for good puns, she's rarin'.

Roy Hill excels in Algebra
And speaks near perfect French;
And so obliging—if you asked
He'd find a left-hand wrench.

Irene LePoidevin appears
To be a girl of dreams,
She tinkles horse-teeth by the hour,
Reads stories by the reams.

And last but far from least we bring
B. Brock with all his cameras;
He snaps our pictures of athletes
And local panoramas.

However far these statements seem
To wander from the truth,
We only ask you to recall
This work is not by Booth.
In other words, we mean to say
(This often you've been told)
That if we printed glaring facts
We'd be considered bold.
So if by chance you e'er shall read
This book in after-year,
You'll not recall the truth and fact
But just the names held dear.

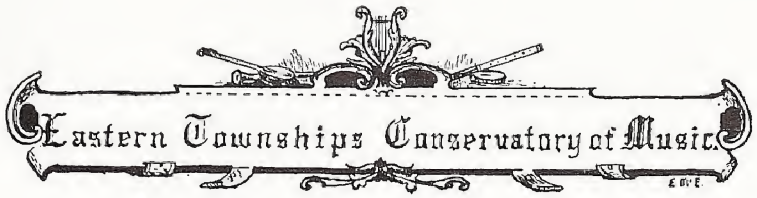
P. S.—The missing link in this long chain
Is Robert MacIntosh,
And as you very well can see,
He writes a lot of bosh.

"CICERO".

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

You may see her statue standing there—
Within those darkened walls—
Stately and supreme.
She has no outward beauty
Save in the look upon her face,
Which tells the years of toil,
There is a certain hidden beauty
Each line portrays.
Her patience, courage and kindness,
Born in a hard and cruel time,
To heal, to bless, to cheer and love
The souls and bodies of mankind.

MARIAN THIBEDEAU, GR. X.



The first of a series of recitals which took place in Pierce Hall during the year 1938-39 was given by Miss Marian Burroughs of Boston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Burroughs of St. Johnsbury, Vermont. This talented young violinist studied first with her father, and now is a pupil of Mr. Ondricek, one of the leading teachers of violin in Boston. Miss Burroughs' program was a difficult one, and she played with a virtuosity and maturity of interpretation that is amazing in so young an artist. This was Miss Burroughs' second recital here, and it is to be hoped that she will give another next year.

The second recital of the season was given December 16 by the two new members of the staff, Miss Pauline Winters and Miss Jane Clarke, who replaced Miss Jean Campbell and Miss Elma Martin. Miss Winters presented Italian, French, German and English groups of songs, in which her fine mezzo-soprano voice, sympathetic interpretation, and intelligent understanding showed to advantage. The audience was pronounced in its approval of the excellent work done by this artist. As accompanist, Miss Bliss rendered thoroughly artistic support to the soloist. Miss Clarke, pianist, showed from the first a mastery of her instrument, and at all times impressed the listeners with the fact that she not only knew what she wanted to do, but could do it. Her selections were from the classical school and the romantic and modern styles of composition.

Mr. Carmel Squires, who also gave a recital last year, returned to give a program of pleasing ballads and modern songs, and was greeted by an enthusiastic audience. He was accompanied by Miss Peck.

Miss Hilda Peck, teacher of violin, gave a fine recital March 31, accompanied by Miss Bliss. Evidently Miss Peck had very carefully chosen and prepared her numbers. Her thorough knowledge of the pieces coupled with her intelligent and artistic rendition left the audience free to enjoy the beauty of the music. Miss Peck gave four groups, ending with the Cesar Franck "Sonata for Violin and Piano", in which Miss Peck and Miss Bliss shared honours in the playing of this most beautiful and masterly composition. Miss Jane Clarke assisted, playing two piano solos.

There were several broadcasts during the year by members of the staff, assisted by Mr. Hoyt of Derby Center, Vermont, and one broadcast in Educational Week in which several students of the Conservatory gave solos. These broadcasts perform a great service to the Eastern Townships in giving them an opportunity to hear really good music.

At a meeting of the Border Business and Professional Club in April, Mr. Martin gave a very interesting and instructive discourse on the history of opera, assisted by teachers of the Conservatory, who gave a program illustrating the various steps in the growth of opera. Mr. Martin pointed out that "appreciation of anything depends upon understanding", and this formed the theme of his remarks as he briefly discussed the opera of the Italians, the reforms of Gluck in Paris, the improvements of Weber, and the reforms of the great music dramatist, Wagner.

Throughout the year members of the staff performed at the school proms, several teas and the Conservatory orchestra assisted at various Church services.

The pupils' recitals held during the year showed remarkable progress as the season advanced.

Early in the year Miss Bliss, Miss Peck and Miss Winters gave a musical program under the auspices of the United Church at Ayer's Cliff, and were very enthusiastically received.

The two outside studios of the Eastern Townships Conservatory of Music in Ayer's Cliff and Newport grew in numbers this year, and the pupils have made remarkable progress under the instruction of Miss Bliss, who teaches at Ayers Cliff, and Miss Peck, who teaches at the Newport center.

On May 7 a Church service concluded the Model Assembly of the League of Nations, given under the auspices of the college. The musical part of the service was under the direction of Mr. Martin, and consisted of a violin duet "Largo", Handel, by Miss Hilda Peck and Don Poaps, a selection by the orchestra, and Sullivan's "Sink and Scatter Clouds of War", performed by the choir.

Holmes Memorial School

I am giving you the report of Holmes Memorial School in calendar form this year.

September—The School Fair was held as usual soon after the opening, which was on September 7. Numerous entries were placed: judging, public speaking, canning, sewing, cooking, vegetable and flower exhibits, manual training and track all received attention. Many of the pupils entered these classes and proved that they were capable of doing fine work. The prizes which were won amounted to $50.40.

October—In October the school was much excited and pleased when Mrs. Shaw made us a visit. The classes listened eagerly to her demonstration on keeping the health rules.

November—This month is a highlight in the school year for it brings International Night. The pupils were very busy choosing their costumes, and the teachers seemed particularly interested in booths. The proceeds, used largely for local relief work, were very satisfactory. The fall visit of Mr. Ployart, the Inspector, came in this month.

December — December means Christmas and Christmas means parties and Red Cross work. The Red Cross work, as a phase of school activity, is outstanding for its interest and pleasure. This year the pupils of Grades VI and VII made posters for the calendar sale. 447 calendars were sold, making a contribution of $44.70 to the Crippled Childrens' Fund. Christmas and other boxes were sent to the hospitals. At this time there were many practices for the Christmas tree parties, which proved a success through the help of the teachers. Sewing and knitting were done by the girls during the year. Portfolios, also, are to be sent to Japan and Switzerland.

January—At the beginning of the new year came the much anticipated library books. Each class had a new and suitable bookcase for the interesting books. They are being thoroughly enjoyed.

February — February is the month in which Educational Week occurs. The programme was quite different this year. The pupils who came first in each grade in the Christmas term broadcast over the Sherbrooke station in a dialogue with Mr. Amaron, answering questions about their work.

March—March proved to be just as interesting as the other months. Mrs. Parmalee, French Inspector, came to visit us during this month. The pupils in Grades V, VI and VII tried for penmanship certificates. There was an unusually large number of students who wrote their penmanship budgets and hope to receive their certificates in June.

April—April marked the beginning of a new term. Entertainments and candy sales seemed to fill the Red Cross meetings of this month, as each grade is trying to raise money for the Red Cross funds.

May—In the spring the pupils assisted in canvassing for the senior Red Cross membership campaign, and secured membership to the value of $57.

June—The last month of school has in store for us the longed-for trip to Sherbrooke to see our King and Queen. How we hope it will be a fine day!

Throughout the year, music and sports were daily interests. In music, we have had our usual class periods, and some are working towards orchestra and chorus work. Miss Clarke, who joined the Conservatory staff in September, has helped us with our class work this year. During the winter we had the chance to hear Mr. Squires' recital in Pierce all, which gave us much pleasure.

Mr. and Mrs. Amaron very kindly directed our sports, and we wish to thank them for the interest they have taken. The first event of the season was at the School Fair, where two of our girls, Lucille Boucher and Lois Chaddock took part in the track meet. Lois starred in the midget class, breaking the broad jump record and coming second in the 50-yard dash, thus contributing eight points towards the winning of the cup, which again came to the college. The term ended with a softball gam against the seniors' second team.

In the winter term we had skating and basketball players were put on a senior team and played in the senior House League.

The spring term opened with volleyball, later came softball and tennis. In the Eastern Townships track meet some of our girls are entered in the midget class; but as this event has not taken

place before this magazine goes to press, results will have to be read in the local paper.

A number of boys, also, took part in the Ayer's Cliff meet, some scoring points. Several of the boys played in the six-man football league, and a number were members of the junior football team. On Saturday mornings throughout the winter the boys had use of the rink for one and a half hours. Some of the older boys played in the House League. At the present time, several boys are training for the inter-class and Eastern Townships meets.

Medical examination results are getting better every year, and we hope they continue to do so, as we all want to be strong and healthy.

Town friends again helped in supplying milk and in sewing for our relief work.

In conclusion, we wish to thank Mrs. Wharram and all the teachers for their help and friendliness during this most successful year.

MARY HARRINGTON, GR. VII.

HAPPY BIRD LIFE

Mr. and Mrs. Cedar Waxwing perked up their little heads. It was a lovely day. They knew Spring had come at last. Flying happily round and round, they alighted on the telephone wires, where they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Robin.

"What a lovely day!" said Mrs. Robin, "had we not better begin to think about building our nests?"

"That is just what I was thinking," replied Mrs. Waxwing. "We were looking around for a nice quiet place."

"Have you seen the nice orchard near the Parrish's home?" chirped in Mr. Robin, "it is such a nice shady spot and they are kind to birds. You could build in the large old apple tree and we would build in the oak tree nearby. Then we could be neighbours."

"That is a good idea," replied the Waxwings in chorus. "Let us get busy."

And get busy they did. We saw the birds taking up bits of feathers and straw, and thought we perhaps could help them by putting binder-twine and coloured wool near the bird tray from which they fed. It was remarkable how the Cedar Waxwings took all the bright colours first, making a very attractive nest. The Robins were proud and independent, preferring to build their nest of earth, grass, horsehair and small feathers. It was a very cosy nest and well hidden among the oak leaves. When finished, Mr. and Mrs. Robin invited the Waxwings to see their new home, and there was much "chirup-chiruping" as they hopped around looking at the nest. Next, the Robins went over to the Waxwings, and there was so much noise that we wondered if the Robins approved of the Waxwings' gaudy-coloured nest.

It was not many days before there were four pretty blue eggs in the Robins' nest, and three spotted brown ones in the Cedar Waxwings'. While the mother robin would sing to her on a branch nearby and then go and get her some food, Mr. Cedar Waxwing was also very attentive, but he did not sing, just uttered a kind of lisp.

In time, three out of the four eggs in the Robins' nest hatched out, and three baby Waxwings. The parents now were very busy finding insects and berries of all kinds to feed their ever-hungry nestlings. After about three weeks both families were learning to fly, and what a noisy crowd they were, calling to one another and seeing who could chirp the loudest and fly the most gracefully!

Each day we watched the baby birds grow stronger until they could fly as well as their proud parents. They would skim over the tree tops, at last alighting on the telephone wires, where they seemed to hold quite a meeting. We later found out what it was all about. The army worms had arrived and the farmers were astonished and worried, not knowing what to do to save their crops from being devoured. The birds, always being friends of the farmer, decided to make war against the army worms, and flew off, joining other birds, to attack the enemy. Soon they had devoured a great many.

Most birds do so much for the farmers that in return we should feed them during the winter and protect them, especially during nesting time from cruel boys and cats, and we should remember:

"Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings."

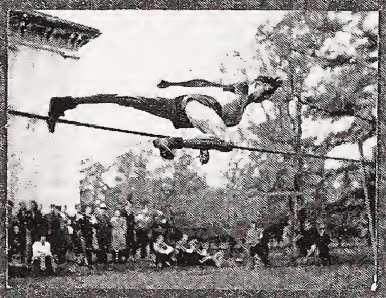
PEGGY ANN PARRISH, GR. VI.

"Red" & "Cy"

Rugby

"Joe"

Two Stars



Fee Flies

Two Huskies

Just-Us-Two

We Are Seven

Billy Butts In.

College Groups

THE ANNEX ANNUAL

The annex this year is situated at Ingleside, in Stanstead. It does not occupy much of the large home, as there are but five boys who make up the annex. Two of these five boys have been students of the College for the last few years. The other three, however, are here for the first time, and from what I hear it won't be their last.

Emile Aboud and Keith Baldwin are the old students, while Robert Miles, Elwyn Baldwin and Douglas Robb are the three new boys. Bobbie and Dougie are the youngest, being only eight years of age, and are in grades two and three, respectively. Bobbie is from the great city of New York, and Dougie is one of the many from Montreal.

Emile Aboud and Elwyn Baldwin are the next in age and are both in Grade seven. Emile is from Three Rivers and Elwyn hales from Baldwin's Mills.

Next and last in line comes Keith Baldwin, who is in Grade ten of the Academy. Keith is the brother of Elwyn, and they always have that feeling of brotherly love.

Mrs. Stewart is matron of the annex for the second year. She is well liked by all the boys, especially the younger ones, as she sees they do not miss out on anything. Besides doing all this, every week when their laundry comes back, she checks over everything to see that nothing is missing, and sews on any lost buttons. She makes sure that they are always exercising and that they do not make a noise after lights out. The superintendent of the annex this year is Ray McMorine, a senior student taking a course in Bugbee Business College. He sees that Mrs. Stewart's orders are carried out and that the boys do not run over the lawns around their residence.

The annex forms teams for hockey, football and so on. In the fall the younger boys of the school formed a six-man football league, in which there were three teams. Every one got a chance to play. This year was the first in which the college had a junior football team. It consisted of the best players from the six-man football league. The three older boys of the annex were all on it.

In the winter they also formed a hockey team to play the girls, helped out, of course, by some of the town boys. It's a sort of practice for the girls; the annex hardly ever beat them. On Saturday mornings they had the rink with the others from the town.

I also must mention that Emile got a position on one of the "B" League teams during the basketball season, and helped his team a great deal in winning the championship.

I will try to give you the pastimes, favourite expressions and pet aversions of each of the boys.

Keith Baldwin (Baldy) — Fav. exp.: Shucks! Past.: Trying to fix his bicycle. Pet. av.: Making public appearances.

Emile Aboud — Fav. exp.: Oh yeah? Past.: Getting his glasses fixed. Pet. av.: Going to church.

Elwyn Baldwin—Fav. exp.: Uh? Past.: Putting his hands in his pockets. Pet av.: Talking.

Robert Miles (Bobbie) — Past.: Getting into trouble.

Douglas Robb (Dougie)—Past.: Being dressed. Pet av.: Being spanked.

Last fall there was a contest held at a downtown drugstore, on the American side, with a brand new bicycle as the prize for whoever sold the greatest number of combs. Emile and Keith decided to enter it. They went around selling combs to the teachers and students at ten cents apiece. They did this for a month and a half. Determined to win the bicycle, they sold 230. After a couple of weeks of waiting the final answer arrived. They had won! Now, to get it across the border into Canada. They had to go over into the States and stay for at least 48 hours before they could bring it across without paying duty. However, at Christmas time, Keith went over to stay with his uncle for three days, then brought it across. By this time winter was well under way, so the only thing left for them to do was to hang it up until spring.

Well, I think I have come to the end of my little news item, and in doing so I will join with others in wishing the boys all a very happy vacation and hoping to see them all at Stanstead next year.

THE SOCIAL WHIRL

One of the liveliest and most successful social years that old S. W. C. has had is rapidly drawing to a close. The social season was opened by a weiner and corn roast on the old golf links, the first Saturday evening we spent here. It's purpose was a "build-up" for the September Prom, so that in the informal atmosphere of an outdoor party the boys and girls could get together and lose some of their self-consciousness.

The Freshman Prom which followed two weeks afterward was a true indication of how successful all parties were to be. The friendly atmosphere, the determination of everyone to have a good time, resulted in a memorable evening. The programme, presented in Pierce Hall in two parts, was given by the staff and old students. Miss Hilda Peck played a violin solo, Miss Pauline Winters sang a few selections and Miss Barbara Bliss rendered a piano solo. The second part consisted of Weyland Mosher's rope act, assisted by "The Annex", followed by "The Red and White Revue", a unique tap-dance done by some of the boys and produced by Joyce Ford.

A theatre party was held on October 15, with dancing and refreshments in the lounge of The Inn afterward. Hallowe'en was celebrated by another theatre party with dancing and games at Joe's Place after the show. The decorations were in keeping with the season while ducking for apples supplied plenty of hilarity. Bill Gould was master of ceremonies.

Nothing need be said here of International Night for it is written up elsewhere, except to mention that it was as great a financial and social success as ever.

Grade XI was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Stewart at "Ingleside", after the plays which this grade presented most successfully on December 9.

The next evening several of the girls invited some privileged gentlemen to The Inn for a small party after the theatre.

On January 21, the social committee sponsored a dance at the boys' residence after the hockey game. Perk's nickleodeon supplied the music for a very enjoyable evening.

One Saturday evening during the term, Rev. and Mrs. Carson entertained Grade XII. From all accounts it was a most delightful party. We wonder if Billy played his saxaphone!

The first sleigh-ride for eight years was held on February 11, when the whole college turned out en masse and en snow. After returning from a ride of about four miles the party went to the dining-room where a buffet supper was served.

The Bugee "At Home", held on February 25, is one of the most important dances of the year. The main room in Bugbee was transformed into a complete living-room, inviting all to come and enjoy themselves. The programme consisted of a vocal solo by Mary Jane Sherry, a reading by Robert Johnston, a piano solo by Phyllis Wilson, a girls' quartette consisting of the Misses Narraway, Wallace, Dunbar and Wilson, who sky-rocketed to fame as song-birds of real ability. The last selection on the programme was the Four M's, a quartet whose members were Weyland Mosher, Bud MacKay, David Morton and Jeff Mark. During one of the dances, gaily coloured balloons were released from their hiding place and came floating down among the dancers. But alas! there were soon none to be seen for the pins, carried in many lapels for just such a moment, had done their work well.

The Academy Prom was reinstated this year on the evening after St. Patrick's Day. The gymnasium was decorated with a green and white false ceiling and dainty white curtains trimmed with shamrocks made the room most inviting. Each high school grade was responsible for putting on a skit, which proved an original solution for the problem of a programme. Grade VIII presented "Snow Flake and the Seven Drifts". Grade IX presented through the medium of a shadow play, several candid shots of campus life, notable among these were "Percy Hunts Brother Ratt," and "Editing the Light." Grade X caused quite a sensation by the acrobatics of Mr. William Gould assisted by Messrs. Kelly and Morton, while Mr. Cyril Balfry showed remarkable talent as a circus barker. Grade XI proved their exceptional ability

for acting once again, by giving a realistic pantomime on the poem "The Days of Chivalry are Past", by supporting the affirmative of the motion (lost by them to Grade XII the previous night).

During refreshments, George Langley, the star of the evening, sang all the popular songs of the moment (and other moments!). He was most enthusiastically received.

During the first two terms the teachers and their wives were most generous in the manner in which they entertained numbers of the students, at several small parties which they gave in their homes. These parties were among the favourite events of the year.

On May 5, the Anglican Church Young People's entertained the students belonging to that church, at a dance in the Parish Hall.

The next evening, at six-thirty, a banquet was held in the dining hall for the Sixth Model Assembly. The toast to "Our Guests" was proposed by David MacIntosh and responded to by William Van Horn of Bedford, Elizabeth Hillman of Montreal West, and Percy Adams of Granby. Mr. C. M. Stewart then proposed a toast, "To a Fairer World", to which Mr. Frederick Leman Whelen of Geneva, Switzerland, replied. After the singing of the Alma Mater, everyone went to the gym where Miss Pauline Winters played the piano for dancing. It was indeed unfortunate that there were more than twice as many girls present as there were boys but the master of ceremonies, Cyril Balfry, did his able best to see that all had a good time by several Paul Joneses, plenty of tag dances and a Ladies' Choice. It was evident very soon that everyone was having a good time, for many of the girls it appeared preferred to dance with one another, for they all seemed more familiar with modern dances than were the gallant young swains, from here at least. Come on boys, during the holidays really learn to dance!

On Saturday, May 13, the Alumni will be wending their way back to their Alma Mater for the annual banquet at which they will entertain the graduating classes.

The last social event of the year will be the June Prom, held in the gym on Monday night, the fifth. It will have to "go some" to make the standard set last year. Red and white decorations, a smooth swing band, The Blue Barons, and ever-changing coloured lights, combined with the sophisticated evening dress of the dancers made it an evening not soon to be forgotten. The collegiate touch was added when the co-eds and their partners ended the evening by going on the traditional snake dance. By indications heard and seen around the campus, this year's prom will not be any less fun.

One factor in the success of the parties this year was, undeniably, Mr. Edward Perkin's nickelodeon which he lent us time after time, and we should like to take this opportunity of thanking him. The spirit of co-operation existing between the two sides of the house, the enthusiastic way in which they entered into each party was indeed responsible for the outstanding success in the social field this year. Then too, this atmosphere was aided by the fact that the boys were able to call for their "dates" at The Inn and walk home with them afterward. 1938-39 is indeed a milestone in the history of S. W. C.

MAGARET WALSH.

WHO?

Who paints the sky a heavenly blue?
Who draws the landscape and the view?
Who paints the sunset glowing red,
And silver stars that shine o'er head?
Who lays the carpet green and bright,
And drops the snowflakes, sparkling white?
Who makes the wind blow through the trees,
And scatter Autumn's painted leaves?
Who, then, is it we thank for all?
Who answers each despairing call?
'Tis He who reigns in heaven above,
The God, who rules, by laws of love.

EVELYN BOUCHER, GR. IX.

SEICL NOTES

It is indeed regrettable that the Seicl, or the Society for the Encouragement of the Intellectual and Cultural Life, could not function the first two terms, but the reason is evident. However, a few old members of this fine club got together again at a late date in April, and made plans for a Sixth Model Assembly of the League of Nations. That these plans were carried out successfully to make the Model League this year the best of the six, is now history, at least S. W. C. history. The Seicl will undoubtedly continue next year. As a matter for the records, officers were elected for the year 1939. Margaret Walsh was made president, Edgar Ransom vice-president, Florence Curtis secretary-treasurer, David MacIntosh, chairman of the Literary Committee, and Cyril Balfry chairman of the Public Speaking Committee. Also, the Seicl requested any students in grades eleven, twelve or Bugbee, who are intending to return next year and wish to join the Seicl to turn in their names.

AT NIGHT

The moon rose low in the East to-night;
And all around the gold-fringed clouds
Reflected the glittering glory.
But as it brightened and slowly climbed
To higher realms of oft-trav'lled sky,
It dipped and rose from out the waves
Of darkened, deeper, dew-drenched clouds.
And as it circled its wide-flung orbit,
It made the land as bright as day
And all the lakes, and streams, and seas,
All the grass, and flowers, and trees,
Appeared in one great spectacle.
And so it went; and as it wheeled
Across the star-specked sky,
The very spaces seemed to bow
Before its majestic passing.
Came morn. The sun appeared
Whence the moon had lately come,
The last became both pale and wan
As losingly it struggled with
Its daylight foe. But nature forced
Its natural course, and slowly fading in the West,
It disappeared beneath a dark-blue ridge.

Robert MacIntosh, Gr. X.

THE OCEAN'S SONG

I sit on the shore in wonder,
As o'er me the seagull swings,
I sit on the shore and listen,
To the song that the Ocean sings.

The tune it is weird and fearful,
As it chants of some foreign shore,
Where battles were fought on the seaside,
Staining the sands with gore.

The music shifts, and I listen,
To tales of the Norsemen strong,
Who came to fight with the Indian,
But now the old warriors are gone.

Then came the tales of the Spaniard,
And the islands with tropical breeze,
And of hardy ships of old England,
Which swept through the seven seas.

I sat in a trance and listened,
Of a sudden the music stopped,
But the wind fluted high in the crannies,
And the sun to the westward had dropped.

Over the Ocean comes calling,
The voice of the bell-buoy rings,
Oh, how sweet it is to have listened,
To the song that the Ocean sings.

JOHN WELLS, GR. IX.

THE GARDEN BY MOONLIGHT

A shaft of moonlight
Shone between the branches of the trees,
And bathed in silver a full-blown rosebush.
The music of the rippling brook
Blended with a chorus of nightingales,
To fashion a beautiful nocturne.
Now and then a twinkle
From above
Glimmered through the dusk.
I sat beneath a tree,
Drinking in the beauty
Which seemed like a prelude to heaven.

M. LE BARON, GR. X.

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

In order to answer that question one must consider many things. Before a child is scarcely able to walk, he is told about Santa Claus. At first he only knows that everything is gay and cheery sometime about the middle of the winter, and he finds his nursery has many more toys in it than previously. Then, too, mother or daddy occasionally gives him an extra piece of candy or lets him stay up past his bedtime. However, as he gets a little older, he begins to understand that Christmas means a big, fat, jolly man with a long white beard, and dressed in red. This, he learns is Santa Claus. All sorts of stories he hears about Santa Claus—how he comes from the North Pole on Christmas eve, riding in a sleigh drawn by reindeer—how he sails in the sky and then stops on the roof of a house and enters the chimney with a huge sack of toys on his back! To a small child this is very realistic and fascinating. But one doesn't stay a child forever!

At about the age of seven or eight, when a little boy or girl is going to school, he begins to hear remarks and jokes concerning Santa Claus. For a while he ponders the question of whether this person really does exist. As time goes on he becomes more and more puzzled until suddenly, the realization and truth of the matter strikes him. At first his world seems to come crashing down around him, leaving him helpless and miserable. Then, little by little, he appears to fit the pieces back together, and at last discovers he is no longer unhappy and disappointed, just merely in the act of growing up.

Christmas still holds a wonderfully warm significance, and even though he no longer hangs up his stocking, he finds himself happier doing other things.

Santa Claus is not a person in the form of a human, but without him I fear Christmas would not be what it is. He is the spirit of happiness, joy, peacefulness, and the want of making others happy.

He mingles with the laughter of people, the pealing or soft tinkling of bells, and even with the steam from a plum pudding. If we looked hard enough, we might find him sitting in the front row at Church on Christmas morning. Santa Claus is everywhere at Christmas time; it cannot be denied.

DOROTHY GILBERT, GR. X.

ANECDOTE

It was an evening in July. The sky was covered with stars, and a beautiful moon hung overhead. There was a soft breeze dancing through the drowsy leaves, and the flowers nodded in peaceful sleep.

To add to all this perfection, I had been invited to a party out of town and had accepted, much against my father's wishes. At the party I had a wonderful time. Everything was going along fine and I had forgotten all about the time. I looked at my watch and found it to be two-thirty. Then my father's last words before I left rang in my ears. "See that you're home early, young lady." By the time I could get home it would be near four o'clock. So with no hesitation my escort and I found the hostess and excused ourselves.

It was a wonderful ride home, and at four-thirty we were in front of my home. I very quietly got out of the car and tip-toed onto the porch. To make as little noise as possible I removed my shoes and put them under the chair on the porch, intending to bring them in in the morning.

My heart was in my mouth. I gripped the door handle and turned it quietly. The door squeaked as I opened it. I closed it with a shaking hand and then locked it. Every moment I expected to hear my father's voice. I thought everyone in the house would hear my heart pounding inside me. I tip-toed up the stairs ever so quietly, with every nerve in my body taut. At the top I drew a deep breath of satisfaction and relief, feeling that I had fooled the whole world, when my Dad's voice rang out in the stillness of the house, "Bring your shoes in, it might rain!"

HILDA LANE, GR. X.

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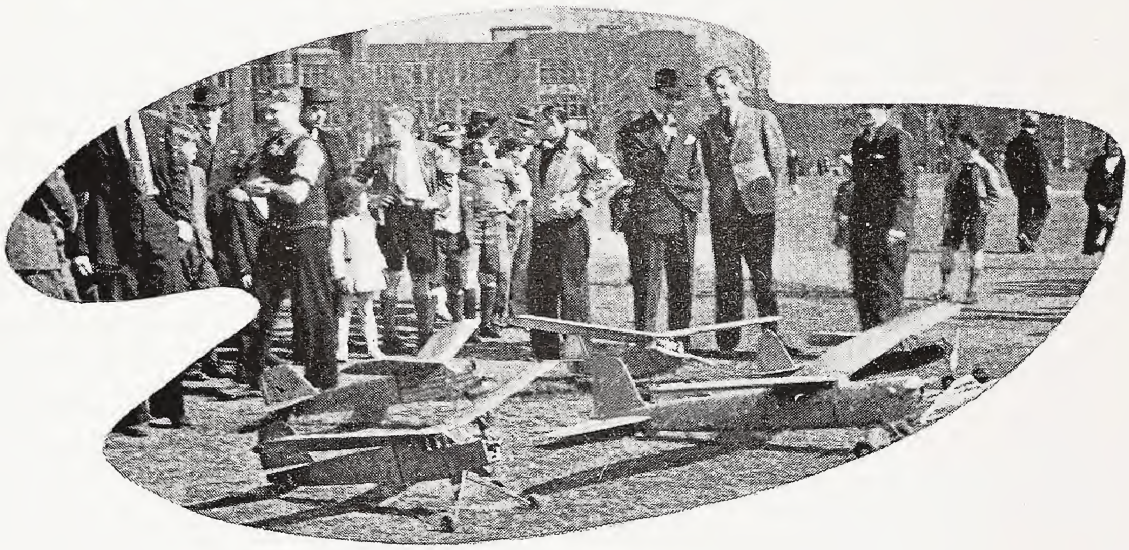

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SIXTH MODEL ASSEMBLY OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Without doubt, the Model Assembly this year was the most successful in its six-year history. Though necessarily smaller than in past years, due to lack of facilities caused by the fire, it was of much better quality. During the two-day session at Stanstead College, 37 delegates, representing 19 countries, discussed foreign politics and international relationships.

The first session of the League sponsored by the Seicl, was held on May 6 in Pierce Hall. All morning delegates had been arriving from various Eastern Townships schools, but by 11 o'clock the meeting was ready to get under way. The morning session included mostly the preliminaries, as it were. Principal Errol C. Amaron extended a hearty welcome to the visitors, after which Cyril Balfry gave the report of the Committee on Credentials. Next came the most important item on the agenda — the election of the President. Miss Margaret Walsh of S. W. C. was unanimously accorded this high honour, and she proved to be a most capable president. Miss Walsh delivered a short address, thanking the delegates for their choice, and outlined the agenda, which was adopted as read. The Secretary General, Phyllis Wilson, presented the report on the work of the former Assemblies, stressing the work done last year. Florence Curtis, representing Canada, proposed that a congratulatory message be sent by the Assembly to Their Majesties, King George and Queen Elizabeth, on the occasion of the royal visit to Canada. This proposal was seconded by Billy Carson of Stanstead College, delegate from Belgium. Paul d'Albenas then presented the report of the Committee on International Goodwill Conference. The report stated that as all the nations working in the interests of peace, had consented to join an international goodwill conference, the conference would be held in Pierce Hall at 2.30, with the president acting as chairman. The session was then adjourned.

In the international conference, the members presented, for the most part, the national and foreign policies of their different countries. Most impressing was the desire of peace, expressed by nearly every delegate. The speeches were brief, pertinent, and extremely enlightening to those not already acquainted with the outlooks of foreign nations. It was regretable that Tommy Pavlasek, son of the Czechoslovakian Consul in Montreal, could not attend, as he had intended to do. Australia and Canada pledged their alliance to the Motherland in the case of war. Belgium, Chile, China, Sweden, Turkey, Finland, Greece, U.S.S.R., U.S.A., and Yugoslavia were most emphatic in their desires to stay out of all entanglements. France and the United Kingdom stressed the point that they would remain on peaceful terms with their neighbours, if their neighbours (referring particularly to Italy and Germany) did not attempt to make any more land grabs. France, represented by Percy Adams, was most strong in condemnation of the aggressor nations. Poland and Roumania indicated that they were swinging into line with Britain and France, but nevertheless, desired peace above everything else. Italy, Germany and Japan occupied most of their time with explanations of their banditry, pointing out how the Treaty of Versailles had caused most of the trouble, together with their own over-population and lack of raw materials.

Following these excellent speeches, delegates asked questions of other countries. It proved to be the high-point of the Assembly. Germany and Italy were particularly bombarded with questions, others demanding to know the reasons for Germany's and Italy's attacks on independent nations. When the German representative replied that the Czechoslovakians had been only too willing that the Germans take over their country, the member from Great Britain, Robert MacIntosh, rose to enquire why then, when the German soldiers had entered the country, the Czechs had cried "Pfui!" So it went, but one must not get the idea that it was merely "inuendo and snappy comeback". Extremely pertinent questions were asked, and very well answered. Germany bore the brunt of the attack. Roland Racicot, member from Great Britain, wanted to know why Hitler invaded Austria. Replied Edward Byrne, "Not being Herr Hitler, I cannot answer that." The delegate of England was hasty to add that he was under the impression that Germany was Hitler.

Following this discussion period, Miss Walsh, president of the League for 1939, adjourned the Assembly.

Saturday evening at 6.30, the League of Nations banquet was held in the Centenary United Church Hall. Besides the delegates, principals of many Eastern Townships schools and people of the community were in attendance. After the toasts to the King and the President of the United States,

David MacIntosh proposed the toast to the guests, which was replied to by Elizabeth Hillman of Montreal West, William Van Horn of Bedford and Percy Adams of Granby. All thanked the people of the community, who had so kindly opened their doors to them. Mr. Stewart, Dean of boys, proposed a toast "to a fairer world", with the object in mind that "a dream can be stronger than a strong man armed." This was replied to by the guest speaker of the evening, Mr. Frederick Leman Whelen, of Geneva, Switzerland, a keen observer of international affairs who was at the time making a tour of Canada. Stanstead College has always been fortunate in securing good guest speakers, and this year was no exception to the rule. Mr. Whelen's engrossing talk dealt with Italy and Germany for the most part. But, although condemning the aggressor nations, he explained that the German people in general are not to blame, because they do not know what is going on. Mr. Whelen's accounts of many personal experiences added greatly to the interest of his subject.

After the banquet, dancing was enjoyed in the college gymnasium.

On Sunday morning Mr. Whelen again addressed a large and attentive audience in Centenary United Church. In his stirring address he stressed the part that youth must play in the fight against war. Mr. Whelen was assisted by the Rev. Dr. Philp, Principal Amaron and the president, Miss Walsh. Miss Peck and Donald Poaps rendered a violin duet, and also assisting in the musical portion of the service were the college choir and orchestra, led by Miss Winters and Mr. A. H. Martin of the Conservatory.

The delegates and officials attending the League sessions were as follows (the name of the country appears first, school next, and delegates' names last):

Australia, Ayer's Cliff, Thelma Martinson and Kathleen Rollins; Belgium, Stanstead, Billy Carson and Jeff Mark; Canada, Waterville, Phyllis Dearborn and Helen Burnell; Chile, Sutton, Audrey Bradshaw and Margaret McCarthy; China, North Hatley, Frances Phillips and Priscilla Sprigings; Finland, Danville, Hazel Horan and Mervyn Stewart; France, Granby, Robert Bowker and Percy Adams; Germany, Asbestos, Alice Janson and Edward Bryne; Greece, Cowansville, Douglas Ross; Italy, Coaticook, Ethel Bruhmuller and Dorothy Johnson; Japan, Montreal West, Florence McCracken and Elizabeth Hillman; Roumania, Shawinigan, Marion Ferguson and Helen McLeish; Poland, Cookshire, Madeleine Carr and Harold Wooten; Sweden, Lennoxville, Margaret Parent and George MacDougall; Turkey, Sherbrooke, Ora Standish and Clifford Willis; United Kingdom, Stanstead, Roland Racicot and Robert MacIntosh; U. S. A., Bedford, Kathleen Fricker and William Van Horn; U. S. S. R., Windsor Mills, Charles Tanner and Edward Hall; Yugoslavia, Magog, Ruth Harris and Virginia Vaughn.

President, Margaret Walsh; Secretary General, Phyllis Wilson; Rapporteur of Credentials Committee, Cyril Balfry.

INTER-CLASS DEBATING

Along about the middle of February, the various classes began thinking over who might represent them in the inter-class debates. To decide this question a number of debates were held within the classes themselves. Grade XII was in somewhat of a predicament, however. If four debated, that left exactly two for an audience. Bugbee stepped into the breach by kindly inviting Grade XII to debate before them. At the end of two debates, there was no doubt in the minds of the University students that Betty Blanchard and Rollie Racicot should be their representatives. Meanwhile the other grades had been selecting their debaters, with the following results: Grade VIII, Violet Alexander and Lillian Aldrich; Grade IX, John Wells and Gordon McCune; Grade X, Dorothy Gilbert and Robert MacIntosh; Grade XI, Margaret Walsh and John Waterman; and B.B.C., Alison Narraway and Robert Johnston.

The first round was held on Friday, March 3. Grade VIII was matched against XI on the subject: "Resolved that Canada is spending too much on armaments." Grade XI successfully upheld the negative. The same afternoon, Grade X, upholding the affirmative, bowed before the Bugbee team on the subject: "Resolved that the educated man is a greater potential menace to society than the uneducated man." On account of illness of one of the members of the Grade XII team, the XII-IX set-to was postponed until Thursday, March 9. At that time, the Ninth Class, taking the affirmative side of the subject "Resolved that the chain store is to be deplored," was ushered out of the running by a narrow 4-3 verdict. Directly after, Grade XI triumphed over Bugbee in the semi-final round. The Bugbeeites supported the resolution

that "Mercy-killing should be made legal."

The final debate, staged in Pierce Hall on the eve of St. Patrick's Day, was a climax to an unusually fine crop of debates witnessed this year. It was not only the best of the lot, but also the wittiest. The subject, "Resolved that the days of chivalry are past," was supported by Grade XI. It was closely contested all the way, but the judges, Mrs. Ferguson and Merrs. Rice and Poaps cast their ballots in favour of Grade XII. Thus Grade XII, "winnah, and still champion," hang onto the John T. Hackett Debating Trophy for the second successive year.

INTERNATIONAL NIGHT

International Night—one more way in which Stanstead College strives to impart to its students more international understanding and friendship. It supersedes the old "jamboree", when everyone tried to dress as ridicuously as possible. Now we try to make or procure original costumes, as pretty as possible, and as much like the national dress of the countries we have chosen to represent. It is looked forward to with great interest, and no wonder!

For, on the evening of November 26, upon entering the gymnasium, our excited eyes beheld a group of winsome lads and lasses, representing practically every nation of Europe. Although numerous gentlemen seemed to have utilized their sheets as Arab garb for the evening, the land of the "Highland Fling" was not forgotten by its sons. The Turkish visitors might have been wandering about in one of their own bazaars, so colourful and everchanging was the scene. Dorothy Stafford, however, captured the prize for the best costume, as a North American Indian, while Rodman Kelley, as a handsome Indian Prince, was awarded the boys' prize.

It was some time before we could call our attention away from this throng of the various peoples of the earth, to look about us and see what some of these nations were displaying at their booths. We were fairly swept along by the crowd to the far end of the gym, where squatted an Indian wigwam. Here one could become a fisherman for a dime. After a successful catch we disentangled ourselves, and seeing that a Dutch windmill was displaying various novelties, we dispensed with a bit more of our limited means. But the sweet-tooth would not let us linger long, and so we moved on to the booth of the Land of the Rising Sun, to purchase some candy from a very modern Eskimo, parka and all. Nestling between these two countries and quite out of place, unless the maps in our geography books are wrong, was a little French peasant home, showing all sorts of fancy work, for which its country is noted the world over.

The orchestra began to play and we immediately forsook sight-seeing for the pleasures of "t ipping the light fantastic . . . " However, the signs, brazenly flaunted from the punch booth, could not for long be resisted, and so we soon decided to trp out this original "Pine Sap", duty free for the occasion and therefore "only five cents a g'ass". Being on very friendly terms with their neighbours, who had hanging in front of their cottage a sign reading "Horloges Swiss", the punch vendors advised us to pay them a visit before leaving. Wanting to know the time, we went there next, but imagine our amazement upon finding they sold food, not watches!

The crowd now seemed to be mainly attracted to the balcony, where Ireland sported a street café. It was while we were enjoying their ice cream and cake that Canada showed its contribution to the festivities, by sending as its representative the McGill Glee Club, under the able direction of Mr. Harry Norris, who fairly oozed music. The programme was presented in two parts. During the first part, Mr. Paul Raymond, tenor, sang two solos, "Friend o' Mine" and "Roses of Picardy". The chorus was encored upon their last number, "Bull-frog on the Bank."

The forty lads were enthusiastically acclaimed when they returned to give the last half of their entertainment. Mr. Stewart Reid, baritone, and president of the Club, rendered "Kashmir Song" and "Invictus". A quartet sang "So Why Study?" which panicked the students. During this section of the programme the chorus sang very effectively "The Tide Rises", "Ole Man Noah", and "Mosquitoes". They concluded with "James McGill", followed by their college cheer, which we lustily answered with a "Red, White."

Dancing ended an enjoyable and educational evening spent in "No Man's Land."

We feel that the time and the effort spent planning and organizing this evening by Mr. and Mrs. Amaron and the staff, and also the patronage of the townspeople was not time wasted; for those who attended will not soon forget International Night, 1938.

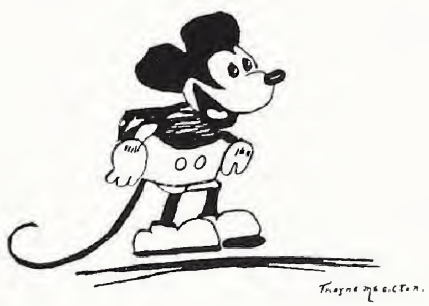
M. E. W.

AN INTIMATE GLIMPSE OF THE INN

7 A. M. — Clang-clang-clang. As the warning notes of the rising bell ring out, twenty-one sleepy girls roll over, groan, and finally awaken to the realization that another day has begun. Time, marching on all too quickly, leaves behind many of the girls who are struggling with stubborn shoe laces, hair that wont stay down, or coaxing the last bit of hot water from the tap. Eventually everyone leaves and all is quiet until 9.30. In the meantime, the house is cleaned, which is a necessary process.

9.30 P. M. — With the banging of doors and much laughter and tired conversation, the inmates troop back to the Inn. As they prepare for bed, amid much running from room to room, sentences such as these are heard: "Gosh I'm tired"; "I haven't finished my homework. Let's ask for late lights"; "Patsy, were you the one who sewed up my pyjamas?"; "Who has some toothpaste?" Much of this is interrupted as the charge teacher wishes the girls good-night. All becomes quiet except for an occasional snicker from Room 5A (Gilbert & Sullivan, Inc.), which shows that sleep has not yet conquered everyone. However, as midnight fast approaches, all is quiet, except when someone talks in her sleep. There will be no more activity until the next clang.

MAJORIE LE BARON, GR. X.



A DESCRIPTIVE ESSAY

We had climbed during most of the afternoon; the summit was in sight, urging us upward with an impatience to find what lay beyond. The trail wound through fir trees, grotesquely twisted, stunted and gnarled, for it was high, and here cold winds blew the year around. The way underfoot was of volcanic structure and jagged rocks forced us to pick our way carefully.

Suddenly the path opened up into what might well have been called a plain. A plain of boulders, shoulder high, strewn about in haphazard fashion as though the children of the mountain gods had here tossed their building blocks. Between these rocks were grassy spaces; there were no longer any trees, for it was too high and too exposed. Around them lay blueberry bushes, laden with their fruit.

We wended our way to the edge of the plain and gazed over it. What a panorama lay exposed to our view! The cool air that smote us in the face was exhilarating and breath-taking. Far below us a road wound ribbon-like into the distance; we saw countless numbers of lakes and rivers, their mirror-like surfaces reflecting golden the dying rays of the sun. We saw farms with green fields and sunburnt wheat crops.

There were mountains, lofty and sublime, rearing their massive heads to the open sky. The forests lay dark, sombre and mysterious below us. I gazed at the sky, a vast blue dome, speckled with clouds. Seeing so much space filled us with a small insignificant feeling. We were awed and silent.

I turned to my companion. "Shall we camp?" I said.

Sleep that night was no ordinary affair; things were too wonderful and unreal for peace of mind. It seemed to us we had a lookout on the top of the world, a view to infinity. From the west as the sun slowly sank, purple shadows were cast around us. Darkness gradually closed in. A streak of silvery light burst from the east, heralding the rise of the moon. Grey and ghostly shadows appeared about us. The trees below us, the rocks around us, took on fantastic shades of light and dark. Countless myriads of stars burst forth in all their glory to twinkle down on us. We lay motionless, silent and enthralled.

It was late indeed before we finally succumbed to the claim slumber laid upon us.

R. W. RACICOT, GR. XII.

SPOOKS

Three Rivers, May 16, 1939.

The night was misty and dark, the streets deserted and dim, the shadows on the snowy roofs resembled a ghost assembly, the wind whistling in the trees sounded like hair-raising symphonic music. A sense of mystery pervaded all.

At 1432 Royal Street the maid slept fitfully, dreaming she heard light tappings on her window. Summoning a courage, no one would dream she possessed, she bravely got up and dared one look outside, peering through the curtains. She saw two shadowy figures creeping stealthily beneath her window. She stood paralysed there; she opened her mouth to scream but no sound came! Terror seized her, her heart beat faster and faster; her eyes stared in. Her face blanched. She trembled from head to foot. After what seemed an age she ran wildly to her master's room; and informed him that burglars were trying to break into the house. In a dozed state he quickly jumped out of bed stumbling over a nearby chair, waking the remaining two members of the household; who demanded what all the bother was about. Upon being informed, all crept to the windows to watch the mysterious creatures outside.

Through the darkness they saw a sinister form carefully climbing the pantry roof and trying to reach a window on the second floor; his scheme proved to be unsuccessful as the melting snow had formed into hard slippery ice. Meanwhile the other marauder was still trying to push up the windows on the ground floor. The master of the house watching with mingled curiosity and indignation muttered something about a hundred dollars for any sort of gun at that moment. The two young boys, who had been so rudely awakened put their noses to the dining-room window and watched the foe on the front lawn with all the zest of real adventure. "Who are they?" "What right have they here?" "If only we could get a good look at them!" they asked. The suspected robbers, unaware that they were being watched, were still looking for some means of entering.

Meanwhile the terrified maid, had phoned the police and in half broken statements informed them of the strange robbers. Arriving at the front porch, they went around the block to seize them from the back.

A few seconds later the maid again ventured to peek at the mysterious figures and was seen by one of them. What a dreadful mistake to make! How stupid and clumsy of her to do this at such a time! But one of the suspects had the gall to wave his arm and smile at her. Relief spread all over the poor girl's face. She called down to her master in a fainting voice, "Open the door, it's only the young boys from college!"

All had a good laugh as the two robbers turned out to be Emile and Dick Aboud, who had come home for their Easter holidays. No one expected them as they had never travelled on the early morning train before. So the policemen, who were still searching, received proper explanations and went on their way. Soon the lights were turned out and peace reigned again.

D. A.

ANECDOTE

The church stood in the square, large and beautiful. From everywhere people hurried to reach its doors in order to be in time for the Sunday service. A little, shabby, old man walked up the large steps, only to be stopped by the doorman.

"Why did you come here?" inquired the doorman.

"I came," replied the little old man, "to have a peaceful talk with God."

"Only rich people and royal-bloods enter these doors. You had better return to your home and ask God if you might enter," advised the doorman.

The next Sunday, the little old man was again seen trying to go within the great church, and again the same doorman stopped him.

"So you are back again! Did you do what I told you to?" demanded the doorman.

"Yes, I did," replied the old man, "and God wished to know if he might come in too."

MARIAN THIBEDEAU, GR. X.

Editor's Note—Mr. McLeish, a former teacher at Stanstead College, has recently published a small volume of poems. He graciously consented to the publication of a few in the Annual. Needless to say, we are very pleased to pass them on to others who will enjoy them as much as we did.

Senior Rugby

Back row—F. Huitson, R. McCune, E. Power, J. Angrove, D. Maitland, D. Smith, Mr. E. C. Amaron (coach), S. Abbott, N. Davis, Mr. R. Rivard (Pres. A. A.), T. Modeland, B. Gould, J. Wells, A. Garbarino.
Middle row—P. d'Albenas, J. Mark, D. Montgomery, D. Schofield (Capt.), J. Waterman, A. MacKay, E. Ransom.
Front row—D. Galbraith, C. Balfry, P. Waterman, R. Kelley.

This year, the College produced one of the greatest, if not the greatest, football squads in its history. And, although Principal Amaron had fine material to work with, we can hand most of the honours to his excellent coaching. Besides winning the Eastern Townships interscholastic football championship, which, incidentally makes it the fifth time in a row, the Red and White piled up an overwhelming total of 283 points as against a very unimpressive 26 scored by her opponents, and came through the season undefeated. Five shut-outs were meted out in the course of football events. (These totals include scores in the two junior games, also.)

The football season started later than usual, and so, when the day for the annual Old Boys' clash rolled around, sad to state, most of the veterans had returned to university. The best the Old Boys could do was to scrape together six men from the Three Villages, among them the indomitable "Russ" Langley. This hardy lot was augmented by a sufficient number of the college lads to make up a team. The Old Boys, however, contrary to tradition, were nearly white-washed, succumbing by a 25-1 score.

The following Saturday, the Red and White, inspired by their 25-1 win over the old-timers, journeyed to Montreal to engage with the Montreal High School clan. The Collegians barely hung onto their brief undefeated record by tying the Montreal men, 10-10, pulling the game out of the fire in the dying minutes. With 80 seconds to go Montreal was lodged on their own 2-yard line, the score 10-4 in their favour. M. H. S. attempted to kick out of danger, but John Waterman, husky inside, who had up to this point been a bit lax, smashed through the opposing forward wall, smothered the punt and fell on the loose ball behind the goal-line. This still left Stanstead in the shade 10-9, but Sam Abbott coolly converted to tie up the old game.

The first league game was staged on the college campus, when the Wesleyans met Lennoxville High School. Lennoxville was outplayed throughout the entire fixture and absorbed a 43-2 shellacing. Their two points, gained on a touchback were even sort of flukey. Sam Abbott's punt was blocked on the 35 and in attempting to scoop it up, Sam booted it behind his own line. Schofield fell on the ball, giving Lennoxville two counters.

The annual game with Commissioners' High School of Quebec, an evenly contested battle the previous year, proved this year to be a washout—for Quebec. The Collegians steamrollered over their opponents to crush them 47-0. However, it is only fair to admit that Quebec was worn out after having played a number of games that same week.

Meantime, Bishop's College School had drubbed Lennoxville in good shape, and as Sherbrooke was hardly considered crowbait for either B. C. S. or Stanstead, this S. W. C. - B. C. S. game was virtually to decide the championship. This championship tilt turned out to be easily the best game on the college team's schedule.

In the first three quarters of this set-to, played on the B. C. S. campus, Bishop's bucked at Stanstead's crumbling line and heaved long "sleepers" to take a lengthy 13-1 lead. The game, to all intents and purposes, seemed to have been sewed up and stored away by the lads from Lennoxville. But they hadn't seen nothin' yet. Dave Schofield rallied his men. The line bucked up and the backfield took a new lease on life. With the forward wall opening nice holes, Maitland, Gould, Garbarino and Abbott tore and clawed their way over for two touchdowns, one converted. Sam Abbott tied it all up when he boomed over a 60-yard punt to make the score 13 all. Bishop's really threw away the game when they attempted a forward pass on their third down when parked on their own 25-yarder. Abbott immediately put his educated toe to the pigskin and booted the point that gave the Collegians the game and the championship, and then kicked another to make the final count 15-13. It was, all will agree who saw the match, the most thrilling game seen in this part of the country in a long, long time. It really put to the test the Red and White's famed "old fight".

Sherbrooke High School was the next crew to be taken on in league competition. Nobody expected a closely fought tilt, and nobody got it. The Red and White whitewashed them 36-0 and without the services of Doug "Bucko" Maitland, at that, who was out with a broken ankle.

By this time the Stansteadians were looking about for new fields to conquer. Various teams of Montreal could be espied on the not too distant horizon, and immediately a game was sought with Westmount. The Westmount squad agreed to come out if defeated in their own league final. They were and didn't. In other words, they were defeated and didn't come, at which the college boys were exceedingly disappointed. In their stead St. Leo's Academy of Westmount agreed to play, which she did. The result — another one-sided game. Although St. Leo's tried hard they were plainly and simply outclassed, and wilted away under a 40-0 score.

The boys clamored long and loud for another game, begging especially at the door of Westhill High. But it was no go. Westhill managed to get in their final game with D'Arcy McGee and then came the snow. It is interesting to look at a few of the Montreal schools' scores. D'Arcy McGee defeated St. Leo. badly, but not near as badly as the college defeated her. Then McGee tied Westhill 7-7 in the provincial final. The Red and White considered her chances for a provincial championship as good as any other school. One can't declare which would be the better team from merely looking at these results, but one may see that the college's chances were indeed great.

Under the efficient tutoring of Mr. Stewart, Dean of boys, and Bud MacKay, who also aided Coach Amaron with the senior squad, the juniors turned out to be almost as polished as their elders. At least, so the scores would seem to indicate; for the younger squad swamped the Sherbrooke juniors 19-0 and the Lennoxville lads 48-0, the highest score made for some time around this neck of the woods.

As is usually the case with all Coach Amaron's machines, it is difficult to pick out any individual stars, for the main factor in the team's victories was co-operation. The squad, this year, was largely made up of the students of former years, so far as the line was concerned. However, in the backfield we find three new and highly effective players, Bill Gould, Doug Maitland and Gabby Garbarino, adding their forces to last year's men, punter Sam Abbott and our extremely capable captain, fighting Dave Schofield.

Those who made the senior squad were: D. Schofield, captain and quarter-back; B. Gould, half; D. Maitland, half; P. d'Albenas, half; A. MacKay, half; D. Smith, half; A. Garbarino, half; P. Waterman, half; J. Waterman, snap; J. Wells, snap; D. Montgomery, inside; E. Ransom, inside; F. Huitson, middle; J. Mark, middle; J. Angrove, inside; N. Davis, middle; C. Balfry, end; R. Kelley, end; P. Poast, end.

Five of the above mentioned, namely d'Albenas, MacKay, J. Waterman, D. Montgomery and Jeff Mark did not play in any of the league games, being over age.

Junior Football

Back row—Mr. E. C. Amaron, Mr. C. M. Stewart (coach), A. MacKay (asst. coach).
Middle row—R. Perkins, J. Harrington, R. Chaddock, E. Aboud, E. Labaree, W. Pope, W. Veit, K. Baldwin, A. Gosslin, B. Allen.
Front row—J. Poaps, G. Walton, G. Batten, J. Poapst (Capt.), J. Jenkins, J. Gagnon, R. MacIntosh.

SIX-MAN FOOTBALL

For the younger boys, who have, in previous years, kicked an old football about after school and gazed with wistful eyes at the seniors during their workouts, a six-man football league was inaugurated at Stanstead College. The boys entered into the game with a will, making up in enthusiasm what they lacked in experience. All the organizing skill and guidance of Mr. Stewart were rewarded a hundredfold by the success of the new game, which has taken the continent by storm. The juniors were split into three squads, respectfully named, McGill, Toronto, and Queens, and captained respectively by Jack Harrington, Bob Chaddock and George Walton. When the schedule ended Toronto led the pack, McGill followed close behind and Queens brought up the tail-end with only two victories to her credit. The play-offs, which were to be staged between McGill's slow and heavy-plodding team and Toronto's lighter but faster sextet, were interrupted by practices for the Sherbrooke and Lennoxville tilts. The fine experience the boys had acquired enabled them to capture both these games by crushing scores, 19-0 over Sherbrooke and 48-0 over Lennoxville.

Barely had these clashes concluded when the snow began to fly and consequently the play-offs were cancelled.

Because of its great success this year, the six-man football league will undoubtedly be continued next year, to the pleasure of all our future senior stars.

Senior Basketball

Back row—P. d'Albenas, Mr. E. C. Amaron (Coach), Mr. R. Rivard (Pres. A. A.), J. Jenkins.
Middle row—N. Davis, P. Waterman, S. Abbott, D. Schofield, D. Aboud.
Front row—C. Balfry, R. Kelley (Capt.), B. Gould.

SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL

Stanstead College still does not take basketball seriously. Principal Amaron works hard to whip a basketball squad into shape; the boys have a few practices, and play a dozen or so games, and that's that. Nobody seems to care much about results except the players themselves. But the team this year turned in some fine games, and when we consider they have been up against old hands at the game and some well experienced crews, the result of one quarter of their games won is certainly nothing to be ashamed of.

The Red and White downed Bedford, Derby Academy once and Sherbrooke once. Three very close decisions were dropped to Sherbrooke H. S., the Sherbrooke Y. M. C. A., and Derby. The Collegians were left far behind in the remaining fixtures. Credit can be handed out to Mr. Amaron and also to the boys, who played with gusto and exhibited plenty of sportsmanship.

Members of the team were: Kelley, captain; Gould, Aboud, Jenkins, Schofield, P. Waterman, Abbott, Balfry, d'Albenas, Davis, MacKay, George.

Date	Game
Dec. 17, '38—	S.W.C. 28, Bedford H. S. 20
Jan. 21, '39—	S.W.C. 29, Sherbrooke Y.M.C.A. 33
Feb. 1—	S. W. C. 20, Newport Alumni 42
Feb. 9—	S. W. C. 18, Newport Alumni 36
Feb. 11—	S. W. C. 10, Derby Academy 28
Feb. 11—	S.W.C. (2) 16, Derby Academy (2) 13
Feb. 18—	S.W.C. 18, Quebec Commissioners' 36
Mar. 2—	S. W. C. 14, Derby Academy 16
Mar. 22—	S.W.C. 30, Butterfield A. A. 43
Mar. 25—	S. W. C. 32, Sherbrooke H. S. 11
Mar. 28—	S. W. C. 21, Newport Alumni 33
April 1—	S. W. C. 29, Sherbrooke 30

HOUSE LEAGUE BASKETBALL

After the football season had concluded in a blaze of glory, to keep the boys occupied during the remaining part of the term the customary House League was formed for all basketball players. The more experienced floor-runners, fifteen in number, made up three teams in the "A" League, under the captainships of those three stalwart lads, Bill Gould, Dick Aboud and Cy Balfry. To take care of the numerous other enthusiastic boys a "B" League was set up, in which Ed Ransom, Red Montgomery and Sam Abbott were selected captains. These squads were the farm teams of Gould, Aboud and Balfry, respectively. The House League was exceptionally successful this year in that the various quintets were so evenly matched, except, possibly Edgar Ransom's tribe, who failed to win a game.

In the major league Bill Gould and Dick Aboud ended up in a first place tie, each having won two and dropped one. Aboud's clan lost there only game to Cy Balfry's stubborn quintet in an unexpected outcome, and Gould went down in defeat but once under a flurry of baskets sunk by Dick Aboud and his followers. In the final and deciding tilt Gould's men proved to be the better team, by ekeing out 25-22 win, but almost losing due to over-confidence. In the initial stanza Gould chalked up an overwhelming 16-8 lead, but Dick and Co. were not to be discouraged, and in the dying minutes made one final desperate spurt which put them in the lead 22-21. But they couldn't hang on. Paul Waterman evened the count on a free toss and Dave Schofield netted the winning basket on a mad rush down the floor. Bill himself polished off the score by sinking another free throw. And so the Britton Moore trophy went to Bill Gould and the members of his team—Schofield, P. Waterman, Kelley and Power.

Now for the vital statistics in the "B" League. Sam Abbott's and Red Montgomery's teams, right from the start, proved to be the two who would eventually have to fight it out for the championship. In their regular schedule Sam and Red each lost one fixture—to each other. In their initial set-to Abbott had to squeeze especially hard to eke out a 14-13 win, but in the return match Montgomery's clan turned the tables, winning by a more impressive 12-5 count. A sudden-death game decided the championship. Dick Aboud's farm team, namely, Montgomery's lads walked off the floor with the final honours after a hard-fought and bruising encounter. Abbott seemed to have the game sewed up after taking a decided 6-1 lead in the first half. But in the last stanza, Aboud sank four baskets while Yogi Langley accounted for another free throw to win the game 10-9. Members of Montgomery's team were: John Wells, George Langley, Emil Aboud, Rob MacIntosh, Bob Johnston and George Walton.

TRACK

Around about the last part of April, the villagers of Stanstead Plain realized that the college track season was under way, upon witnessing an assortment of boys, big, little and in-between, jogging up and down the road. Training had begun in earnest. But without training the collegians had made two previous showings, and excellent ones, too.

Early in September, the Red and White performed the old ritual of winning the Stanstead County fall track meet. But this year it was a little more impressive, for the Collegians piled up a total of 114 points while her nearest rival secured but 52. Also, seven records toppled while others tottered precariously.

On Friday, April 21, Mr. Amaron journeyed to Montreal with three of the boys, Sam Abbott, George Langley and Alfred Garbarino, that S. W. C. might be represented at the first Provincial indoor meet. Sam Abbott emerged as the hero of the trio, but the other two did almost equally as

well. Sam pulled down two firsts, high-jumping 5′ 7″ in the under 18 class, and then scaling the bar at 5′ 5″ in the under 20 group. "Yogi" Langley placed third in the half-mile event, and Gabby Garbarino sprinted for a second place in the 50-yard dash.

In the inter-class track meet, held on May 13, eight records bit the dust and one was equalled. Grade VIII won the meet with a total of 85 points, with the combined teams of IX, XI and XII a close second with 80 points to their credit. Bugbee and the Model School were third with 59 and Grade X brought up the rear with 36.

Seven new high marks were established in the field events, only one in track events. Also, one new event was ushered in, the intermediate discus throw.

In the midget class, Mallard equalled the record of 7 seconds for the 50-yard dash, and Mallard and J. Poaps smashed the high jump record, both scaling the bar at 4′ 1¼″.

In the Juniors, Joe Jenkins set up three new records with apparently no trouble at all. He leaped 15′ 10½″ for a new broad jump distance, high-jumped 4′ 7½″, and heaved the shot 38′ 11″ to break a year-old record.

Bethel broke his own record in the intermediate 100 yards, tearing off the distance in 10⅘ seconds, clipping ⅘th of a second off his old mark. Paul Waterman vaulted 8′ 8½″ to better Sam Abbott's year-old record in the intermediate pole vault. Sam replied by smashing two records himself, the high jump and shot put. He rolled over the bar at 5′ 5½″ and put the shot 36′ 9¼″, breaking the old record by more than four feet. Garbarino holds the record for the new event, the intermediate discus. He flung the plate 88′ 7″.

The Seniors failed to send a single record into a tailspin, but turned in some credible performances all the same. D'Albenas pulled down four firsts for senior honours.

George Batten won the two junior track events, and Garbarino copped first places in the intermediate 220, 440, and 880. Possibly the best event of the afternoon was the intermediate 440, in which Garbarino beat Rob MacIntosh to the tape by a hair.

The team form IX, XI and XII won the relay, running it in a fast 1′ 47″.

The magazine goes to press too soon for us to report the Newport and E. T. meets, but keen competition is expected in both. The College appears particularly strong in the intermediate class, with the juniors and midgets coming along nicely. The senior chances remain somewhat in doubt.

George Langley, if he recovers from a knee injury, is a cinch to win the cross-country.

FLASH — S. W. C. won the E. T. meet by a large margin. She secured 102 points; her next rival was Magog with 33. Seven records were broken and one equalled.

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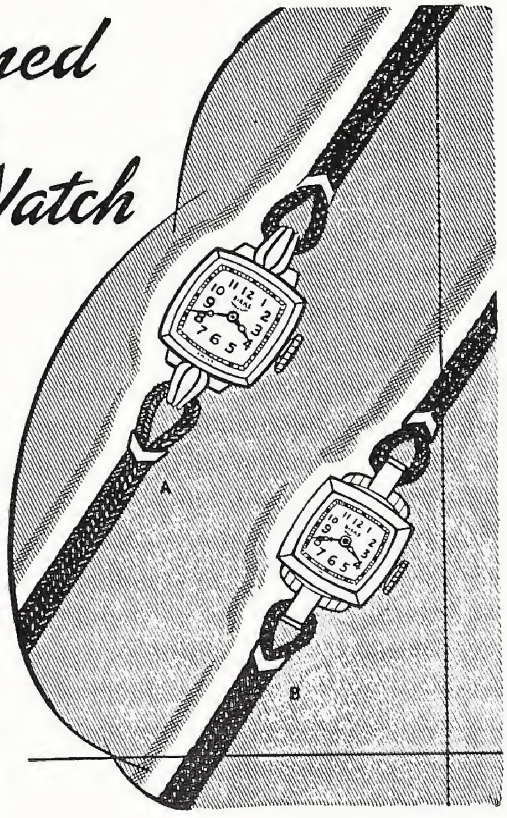
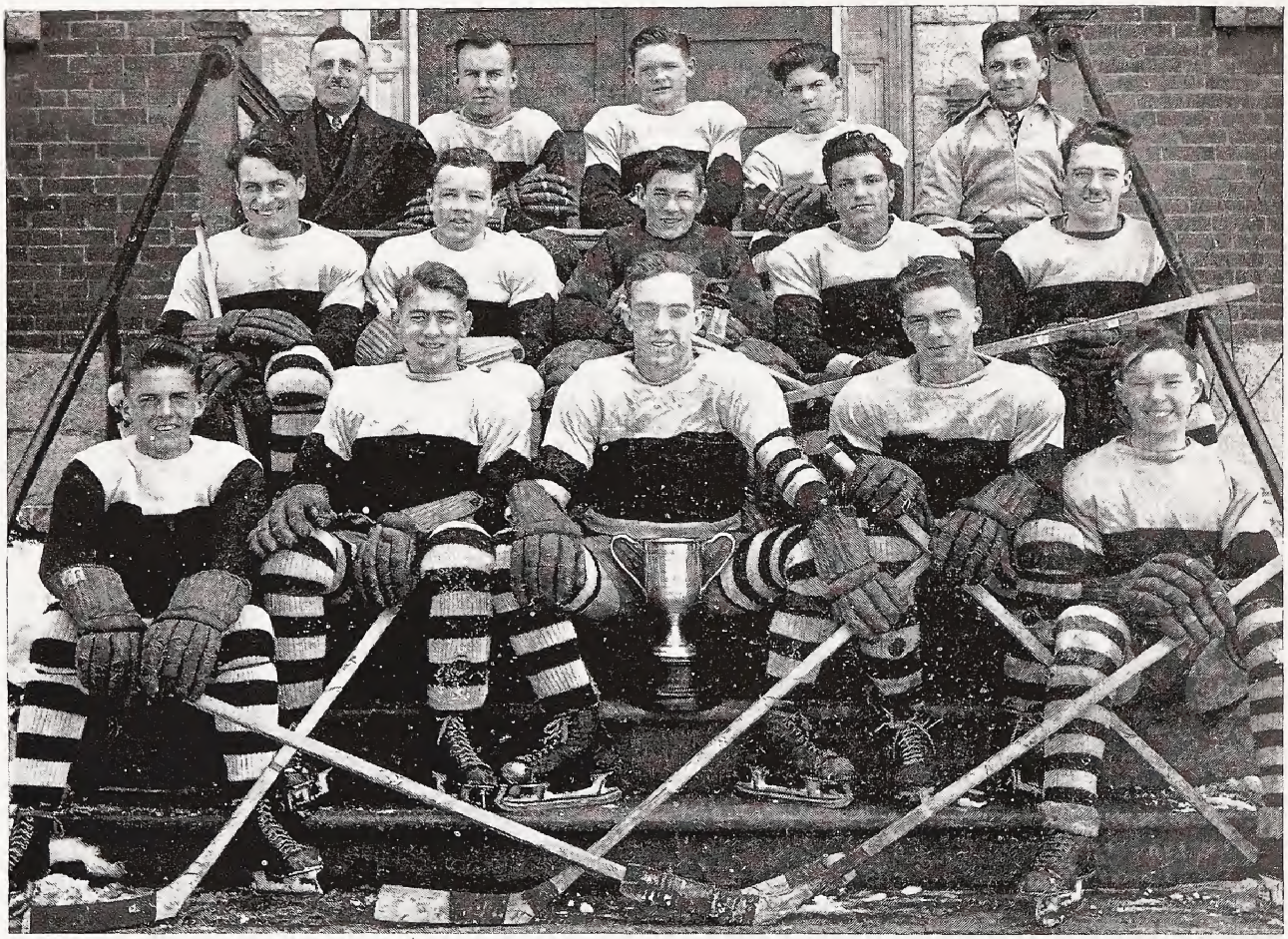


Birks

Senior Hockey



Back row—Mr. L. G. McGilton (Coach), J. Angrove, S. Abbott, G. Walton, Mr. R. F. Rivard (Pres. A. A.).
Middle row—J. Mark, B. Gould, S. Bethel, A. Garbarino, D. Montgomery.
Front row—J. Jenkins, C. Balfry, A. MacKay (Capt.), R. Kelley, D. Schofield.

SENIOR BOYS' HOCKEY

Not content with a football championship, the Collegians entered a team into the Border Hockey League and skated off with the final honours, although it wasn't done that easily. It was the first time a college hockey squad was ever Border League champions. Six teams comprised the circuit. Other squads were from Rock Island, Stanstead, Beebe, Orleans and Ayer's Cliff.

When the season opened Coach McGilton found himself with the task of building up his team around the two veterans, MacKay and Schofield. Accordingly he went to work and produced a team, well-balanced but slightly stronger on the offensive than on the defensive. A capable goalie was found in Sammy Bethel. Mark and Maitland took care of the duties on defence, until, three games before the end of the season, Red Mont-

gomery proved to be a "find", and filled in for Jeff Mark, who was moved up forward. Teaming up MacKay, Schofield and Garbarino on one line proved to be a master-stroke, for the trio produced the slickest combination and most goals of any set-up in the league. Gould, Balfry and Kelley made up the second line, and a good one, too. Walton, Jenkins and Angrove composed a third trio, and Sam Abbott saw a lot of action on defence.

The first game, with Orleans, was a walk-over, as the Collegians took the fixture easily, by a 7-1 score. The Collegians dropped the next game to Beebe 4-2, but came back to swamp Rock Island, last year's champions, in a deluge of goals; score 12-4. Two games with Stanstead resulted in two victories: 7-2 and 4-1. The Red and White split the remaining two contests with Ayer's Cliff, winning the first 8-4 at the Cliff, and succumbing in the last on home ice, 7-5.

Other games were scheduled before the regular season closed, but the managers of the league decided not to delay the play-offs and risk losing the ice. Besides, it was fairly evident who should be in the play-offs, and who shouldn't. Beebe had turned in some great performances and came through the season with only one loss. Rock Island and the College made the grade, and Ayer's Cliff nosed out Stanstead by their final win over the College. The Collegians took on Beebe in a two-game-total-goals series. On home ground the Red and White chalked up a 7-5 victory to give herself a two-goal advantage in the second tilt. Both goals were badly needed, as Beebe came back fighting to tie the count 7-7 by the end of regulation time. After five minutes of overtime Jeff Mark broke away, with Bill Gould beside him. At the blue line Jeff slipped the rubber over to Gould who went in alone to bulge the twine with the winning counter.

Meanwhile Ayer's Cliff had eliminated Rock Island 9-7 on the round. The Stansteadians pitted their forces against the Cliff crew in a best-of-three series. In the initial game at Ayer's Cliff, the Blues held a 3-1 edge at the halfway mark of the second canto. The Collegians scored three quick goals to shoot them into the lead. The Cliff tied it up two minutes from the end, and then punched in the winning goal in overtime. But it was a different story in the second game at Stanstead. The Red and White struck exactly eleven times while Bethel kept his net clear of the slightest trace of rubber. It was pretty evident who would be the ultimate winner after the Cliff absorbed this 11-0 whitewashing. The final fixture was staged on neutral ice, at the Bishop's University rink. The Cliff put everything they had into the first stanza, and held the Collegians 1-1. After that they faded away as Garbarino, Schofield and Gould romped in to count two apiece. The other marksmen were MacKay and Mark. Final score: College 8, Ayer's Cliff 2.

The annual game with Quebec Commissioners' resulted in a 1-0 victory for the boys from the Capital. The Quebec win was mainly due to some great puck-halting by their net-minder, coupled with just a trace of luck around their own nets. The only goal of the set-to came in the dying minutes after a Quebec break-away. Bethel had no chance on the play. Together with the basketball triumph, Commissioners' avenged the terrific drubbing they took in football.

HOUSE LEAGUE HOCKEY

That all boys might have a chance to play our national sport (for everyone cannot make the senior team) the House League was again organized this year. For a change, this year all the goalers were made captains; so at the heads of the four squads were Galbraith, d'Albenas, Wells and MacIntosh. Not as many games were played as usual owing to senior team practices and so on. D'Albenas and MacIntosh came through the schedule undefeated. Each downed the other sextets twice and then tied each other 1-1. Galbraith's men chalked up a single win, while Wells and company failed to break into the winning column.

D'Albenas' crew took both play-off games, 5-1 and 4-1 as MacIntosh's key man, Bill Gould, was covered like a basket. Thus Paul and the members of his team, Schofield, Kelley, Maitland, Poapst, Walton, Allen and Batten, are the present holders of the Frank and Lester Patrick Cup.

Ski Team

Left to Right—E. Ransom, J. Waterman, P. d'Albenas, E. Power, Mr. R. Rivard, R. Racicot, A. MacKay, R. Johnston, G. Batten.

SKI MEET AT NORTH HATLEY

The second annual Eastern Townships ski meet, sponsored by the Connaught Ski Club, was held at North Hatley on February 18. Mr. Rivard got a number of the boys who were interested in the meet together to represent the Red and White. All told, eight made the trip, but only half of this number took part in all three events. However, each entered at least one event. Ed Power took the honours, as far as S. W. C. skiers were concerned, placing sixth in a 52-man field. All the collegians gave creditable performances. It is interesting to note the increased interest being taken in skiing, not only in the college itself, but throughout the whole of the Eastern Townships. There were many more entries in the meet this year, and on the whole the results were much better.

Sunday afternoons throughout the winter saw nearly every student on skis at the old golf links, and the Beebe and college hills were well peopled with skiers afternoons after school as well.

Ski Meet Results

Name	Downhill	Slalom	Cr.-Ctry.	Aggre.	Place
E. Power	9	10	23	238.4	6
R. Racicot	23	21	17	210.8	12
G. Batten	38	32	27	172.6	15
E. Ransom	39	30	29	167.5	17
A. MacKay	31		8	162.5	20
P. d'Albenas	33		13	154.6	25
R. Johnston	41		22	172.3	36
J. Waterman			25	70.2	51

Senior Girls' Basketball

Back row—M. Walsh, M. Bedard, S. Standish.
Middle row—C. Jenkins, M. MacIntosh, R. Alexander, E. Boucher, D. Prangley, D. Stafford.
Front row—Mr. R. F. Rivard (Pres. A. A.), M. Huitson, F. Curtis (Capt.), M. Laing, Mrs. E. C. Amaron (coach)

GIRLS' SPORTS

"All work and no play makes Joan a dull girl": there certainly were very few, if any, "dull girls" at Stanstead College this year. They were a fine group, who entered whole-heartedly into the games and displayed the true spirit of what Mr. McGilton urged the boys on "Rugby Sunday" to acquire —good sportsmanship.

Basketball

The girls of S. W. C. shared with the boys in winning honours for the college this year. Under the careful training of Mrs. Amaron, the girls won the championship of the Stanstead County interscholastic basketball league. This organization, newly formed this year, consists of "five-men" teams, playing combination rules, a cross, as

it were, between girls' and boys' regulations. The other schools who participated in this league were Sherbrooke High and Lennoxville High. We girls enjoyed every game we had with the other schools and we thank them for the splendid sportsmanship they showed and the genial hospitality they extended to us.

The first game was played with Sherbrooke at Stanstead, the home girls winning with a score of 25-15. The next game—Stanstead and Lennoxville on the home floor—resulted in an overwhelming win for the College, 42-5. The third game in the series was a fast, hard-won victory for Sherbrooke, 14-11.

The last game, and the deciding on, proved to be one of the better games of the season. Here the co-eds showed their fine training and won a close victory in "foreign territory", namely Sherbrooke, with the score 28-22. This was the game that won the laurels for Stanstead College — the championship.

Outside of our regular league schedule, we had two very sportive games with North Troy, Vermont, one at Stanstead with a score of 22-20 for North Troy, and the return game at North Troy, an American victory of 14-8. This was the first time S. W. C. has had the opportunity of playing North Troy, and they of playing a Canadian team. We hope this may be continued next year.

There was also an Alumnae game when the Stanstead girls played the Grads, with a score of 25-17 for the girls of the '39 team.

Members of senior team were: First Squad—Florence Curtis, captain; Molly Laing, Dorothy Prangley, Ruby Alexander, Margaret Bedard; Second Squad—Candace Jenkins, Margaret Huitson, Dorothy Stafford, Margaret Walsh, Sybil Standish, Evelyn Boucher; sub—Mary MacIntosh.

House League

House League basketball proved quite interesting this year. There were five teams, the captains of which were D. Prangley, F. Curtis, D. Stafford, M. Huitson, and M. Laing. The girls entered into the spirit of the sport and seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. The winner of the league was F. Curtis' team—S. Standish, E. Boucher, C. Miller, Mil. Varney, V. Alexander, L. Chaddock, C. Myles, B. Miller.

Hockey

The girls had a fine hockey team again this year. The new resident students furnished some very good material, while the remaining players of last year's team showed that all of last season's talent had not left the college. The girls played a very close game at Scotstown, winning by a 2-0 score, the goals being made by our Asbestos and Stanstead stars, Dot Gilbert and Flo Curtis. The girls also played two home games with Beebe—both scores being 7-0 for our co-eds.

Members of the senior team were: Mil Varney, captain; Mur. Varney, M. Bedard, D. Gilbert, F. Curtis, M. Walsh, D. Prangley, C. Jenkins, M. Huitson, M. Laing.

Spring and Fall Games

Last fall the girls formed a softball team and had several games, with the Lady Staff, a girls' second team, and a junior team. Our most important game was with the more experienced Annex boys. This has been, for years past, a wholesale victory for the boys, but this year, due to some unknown factor, the girls won by a 9-8 score. This spring it is hoped that we may have several softball games with outside teams.

This term many of the resident students were introduced to a new game, volley ball, which was very enthusiastically taken into their midst. Both town and resident girls are entering wholeheartedly into this last indoor sport of the year.

It is hoped that by the time this issue is published we may have seen some very interesting tennis tournaments.

Track

Last fall some of our female athletes entered the Ayer's Cliff track meet. Last year was but the second when girls were invited to participate. Our co-eds, divided into four classes, Midgets, Juniors, Intermediates and Seniors, were very successful, gaining the highest girls' aggregate by a margin of 21 points over Beebe.

Midget Class: In the broad jump Lois Chaddock broke a record, jumping 11′ 3¼″, while she also won second place in the 50-yard dash.

Junior Class: Dorothy Gilbert ran her way to first place in the 50-yard event, and Violet Alex-

ander succeeded in making a third in the broad jump.

Intermediate Class: Ruby Alexander won personal as well as college honours by placing first in the 75-yard dash and broad jump.

Senior Class: In this class, Stanstead equalled a record and broke one. Evelyn Boucher equalled the record of 11⅗ seconds for 75 yards and broke the broad jump record with a leap of 12' 2½".

The girls' 40 points were more than one-third of Stanstead's total, and so the girls share with the boys the honours that attend the Ayer's Cliff School Board Trophy, awarded to the school with the highest total.

Much of the credit must go to Mrs. Amaron, for the successful year in girls' sports. She has put considerable time and interest into coaching and supervising the girls. May I take this opportunity on behalf of the girls to extend to Mrs. Amaron our deepest appreciation and hearty thanks.

Senior Girls' Hockey

Back row—Mrs. E. C. Amaron (Coach), Mr. R. Rivard (Pres. A. A.).
Middle row—Mil. Varney (Capt.), M. Huitson, Mur. Varney, C. Jenkins, M. Bedard.
Front row—M. Lang, M. Walsh, D. Prangley, F. Curtis, D. Gilbert.

In Memoriam

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance."

Once again fragrant spring blossoms burst into bloom, bringing us memories of one, who, at this time of year, was always busy caring for these tender flowers and planting seeds in preparation for the months to come. How many teachers, students, and other friends were wont to wander over to Mrs. Martin's garden in the spring days to enjoy the beauty of colour, the fragrance of flowers in bloom, the song of birds happy amid such pleasant surroundings! I believe that I first met Mrs. Martin in her garden, and I shall always remember her there, as we talked about flowers, about nature, and maybe, underneath it all, about God. For "one is nearer God's heart in a garden than anywhere else on earth" and one who truly loves and tends a garden can never be very far from Him.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin were married in April, 1902, and Mrs. Martin came to the College at that time. She and Mr. Martin were in residence during their early years here. During that period they became well acquaintd with the joys, and the sorrows, the tragedy, and the comedy, of residential life. Later, when they moved to their own home just off the campus, they were still mindful of those in residence and their home was always hospitably open to teachers and students.

Mrs. Martin was born in Maine and later lived in Boston, where she attended the Berkeley Preparatory School. She came of staunch New England ancestry and always retained the initiative characteristic of people who live by the sea. Her home was full of pictures, books, and other evidences of hobbies which she cultivated. One of these hobbies was an aquarium of large proportions well stocked with fish, "guppies", and all kinds of water plants. She studied Biology at the Institute of Technology. Mrs. Martin was also mistress of the culinary art, having graduated from, and taught at the Cooking School in Boston (corresponding to our present Domestic Science School). Her menus were always certain to be original and very delicious. Many times her garden provided most of the meal. Whether guests arrived unexpectedly or by special invitation, Mrs. Martin always seemed to be ready. She always took a keen interest in the work of the Conservatory of Music, and many times after recitals and concerts her home became the gathering place for performers and audience. At one time it was the annual custom to meet at the Martin's for after-dinner coffee on Closing Sunday. In later lears Mrs. Martin's annual breakfast party for the lady teachers became one of the social features of the year. For years Mrs. Martin was active on social and decorating committees at the school. When poor health prevented her from taking so active a part, she still contributed most generously by lending dishes and even furniture to struggling committees who were hastening to prepare for teas and other events. At these times cut glass bowls, silverware, a huge punch bowl, and many other heirlooms and treasures were hustled across to the College. Sometimes her rocking chairs and other articles of furniture, such as book-shelves, were permanently loaned to teachers. At least one or two of these permanent loans went up in smoke last May. The Martin home at the lake also furnished many an outing for the College group, particularly during the school days of Maud, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin. As late as last spring Mrs. Martin opened her summer home to the music teachers who were cast upon the neighbourhood after the fire. Little did we know that this happy visit would be our last with our kind friend and hostess.

It was at her lakeside home that Mrs. Martin passed suddenly, but peacefully, away during the early morning hours of July 9, 1938, after spending a happy day with her husband and their daughter, Mrs. Herman Stockwell, who was visiting them.

If death must come, as come it must, how fitting that, for one who so loved nature, it should come while she slept quietly away amid the peace of one of nature's beauty spots.

ELSIE MCFADZEN.

Alumni Notes

Miss Mary Flint, Editor

OFFICERS FOR 1939

President—R. Campbell Amaron, Montreal.

Vice-Presidents — F. S. Rugg, Sherbrooke; John Sancton, Montreal; Edgar Fee, Richmond.

Secretary-Treasurer—Miss Mary F. Flint.

Executive — E. S. Beerworth, Mrs. P. M. Poaps, Mrs. F. L. Wilkinson, L. G. McGilton, E. C. Amaron.

Banquet Committee — Mrs. Maria Jenkins, Mrs. Ruth Lamb, Mrs. Bernice McIntosh.

* * *

BANQUET 1939

The banquet was held in the Centenary Church Hall on Saturday, May 13, at 6.30 p.m. The tables were decorated with daffodils and on the head table was a bouquet of red, white and blue hyacinths in honour of the visit of our King and Queen to Canada.

At the head table were Mr. Harold Baldwin, president, and Mrs. Baldwin, Rev. E. C. Amaron, principal, and Mrs. Amaron, Rev. F. A. C. Doxsee of Sherbrooke, the speaker, and Mrs. Doxsee, Mr. Henri Gerin, M.L.A., and Mrs. Gerin, Mr. H. E. Curtis, trustee, and Mrs. Curtis, Mr. E. J. Struthers, in charge of local campaign, and Mrs. Struthers, Mr. J. D. McFadyen, head of Bugbee Business College, Mrs. Ruth Lamb of the banquet committee and Miss Mary Flint, secretary.

The attendance was so large that 20 more places had to be arranged at the last moment but a delicious turkey dinner was enjoyed by all.

The president, Mr. Harold Baldwin, presided most efficiently, introducing considerable droll humor. After the toast to the King and President, Graham Barr proposed the toast to Our Alma Mater and spoke feelingly of our old college. Replies were given by Ian Gilbert of "McGill", Don Ross of "Queen's", John Rugg of "Bishop's", Grace d'Albenas of "Macdonald", and Rustin Lamb of Law, "McGill".

The annual reports were read by the secretary-treasurer. Gerry Whitehead read the nominations for officers, who were unanimously elected.

A violin duet "Song of Spring" by Bruch, was played by Miss Hilda Peck and Don Poaps, accompanied by Miss Jane Clarke.

In the toast to the Graduating Classes, Mr. Doxsee urged them to be tolerant of others and of their opinions but to be intolerant of all sham. The following responded to this toast: David Schofield, Grade XI, Janie Sherry, B.B.C., Billy Carson, Grade XII.

Two numbers given by the chorus and directed by Miss Winters were much enjoyed: "Smilin' Through", Penn; "Sweet and Low", Barnby.

Mr. Gerin, M.L.A., spoke in French and English and expressed the hope that he might attend another banquet—in the dining room of the new college.

A very happy evening was brought to a close by the singing of the Alma Mater.

Others attending the banquet were: Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Dixon of Beebe; Mr. and Mrs. Earle Beerworth of Ayer's Cliff, Miss Edna Beerworth, Mrs. Moe and Mr. and Mrs. Norman Flint of Sherbrooke, Hugh Hill of the Royal Bank, Rock Island, and Sybil Prangley, local students from last year; from Queens were John Curtis and Phil Poaps; from McGill, Peggy Lamb and Ralph Whitehead; from Sir George Williams College, Bill McKinnon; from Macdonald, Alice Turner; Dorothy Kimball, Mary Simpson, Pauline Tartre, Joyce Thomas, Charlotte Hope, Frances Millay, Peter Thompson, Edgar Fee, as well as local members and teachers.

BIRTHS

BEERWORTH, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon H., a son Richard Clay on March 19, 1939.

CHANNELL, Mr. and Mrs. Hector H., a daughter on March 19, 1939.

DAVIS, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence, née, Ruby Derrick, twin daughters on November 19, 1938.

HAMILTON, Prof. and Mrs. L. H., née, Dorothy Irvine, a son on June 20, 1938.

ENGAGEMENTS

Brennan, Millicent, to Mr. Alfred W. Landsdell of Cornwall, Ontario.

Lamb, Martha, to Mr. Donald McLean of New York, the wedding to take place at her home in Stanstead on September 2.

Perkins, Ruth, to Mr. R. B. MacDonald of the R.C.M.P. The wedding to take place in Centenary Church on June 14.

MARRIAGES

We extend our best wishes to:

BEERWORTH, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon H., née, Elsie Marian Turnbull, were married on June 4, 1928, in Coaticook.

CASS, Mr. and Mrs. Harold, née, Beulah Marion Rexforth, who were married at Ayer's Cliff on October 11.

CHANNELL, Mr. and Mrs. Hector H., née, Wilma Grace Oliver, who were married in Sherbrooke.

DIXON, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald H., née, Elizabeth Badenack Hugres, married on June 25, 1938.

LAYHEW, Mr. and Mrs. Lew Wallace, née, Jane Thompson Potts, R.N., married at Alert Bay, B.C.

MacKERGOW, Mr. and Mrs. A. Roger, née, Clara Petrie Parsons, married at Scotstown on July 2, 1938.

McNUTT, Mr. and Mrs. J. K., née, Esther Irvine, married September 9, 1938, at Ste. Anne de Bellevue.

DUBUC, Louis R. and Margaret Hewson (B.B.C. '36) were married in Montreal on April 10, 1939. Mrs. Dubuc will live in Edmonton, Alta., while Sergeant Dubuc flies in the North for the R.C.M.P.

PARMELEE, Dr. and Mrs. G. W., née, Lea Tanner, married in Montreal on December 15, 1938. Mrs. Parmelee was at one time French specialist

at the College and has been for some years Provincial Inspector of French in the Protestant Schools.

PERKINS, Mr. and Mrs. Edward James, Jr., née, Margaret Dustan, who were married at Dorval on October 15, 1938.

RIVARD, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Frederick, née, Vera Frances May Bates, married at Fairmount-St. Giles United Church on July 9, 1938.

PLOW, Mr. and Mrs. John Henry, née, Victoria Cecilia Callis, married August 13, 1938, at Drummondville.

SEWELL, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald N., née, Constance Irene Seifert who were married at Quebec City on October 8, 1938.

STOCKWELL, Dr. and Mrs. William Gordon, née, Louise Muir Allison, who were married at Rothesay, New Brunswick, on May 18, 1939.

IN MEMORIAM

We extend our sympathy to the relatives and friends of the following:

BERWICK, Dr. D. J., died December 11, 1938, at his home in Westmount. He was one of the founders of the Dental Faculty at McGill.

BROWN, Mr. Godbee, a former trustee of the College who died in Montreal on October 9.

CURTIS, Mrs. William, née, Maude Lincoln who died in hospital in Montreal on October 9, 1938.

DAVIS, Mrs. Clarence, née, Ruby Derrick, who died at her home in Ways Mills on Nov. 19. 1938.

McFADYEN, Mrs. J. D., née, Susan Bready, who died in the Western Hospital on June 11, 1938. During her many years here she was unfailing in her efforts to assist her husband in service to the students and their many friends. She will be greatly missed both in the college and in the town.

MARTIN, Mrs. A. H., née, Elizabeth Owen Abbott, who passed away in her sleep at her summer home at Lake Park on July 8, 1938. She will be greatly missed in college and community.

MOORE, Dr. Arthur H., who was drowned near Liverpool, Nova Scotia, on July 10.

SISCO, Mrs. Earle, née, Luna Marsh, died recently at her home in Colebrook, New Hampshire. She taught shorthand and typewriting in Bugbee for several years.

STEVENS, Mrs. Sidney, née, Harriet Flander, who died suddenly at Ingleside, her home for many years. She was a student in the earliest days of the college and remained a great friend of the college during all the years of her married life here.

TILTON, Cecil Gould, who died at Cloverdale, B. C., on September 1, from injuries received when struck by a car.

WELSH, Mrs. Archie, née, Olive Smith, who died on March 31, from burns due to an explosion in her kitchen in Verdun.

MISCELLANEOUS

Mr. Murray Brookes has been appointed General Secretary of Y. M. C. A. work in Rangoon, Burma, where Mr. and Mrs. Brookes are now residing. They were given a reception by the Boards of Directors of the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. before they left Montreal.

The many friends of Miss Grace Libby will sympathise with her sorrow for the passing of her mother recently.

Dr. C. W. Colby has been appointed a member of the Board of Directors of McGill University.

Prof. A. R. B. Lockhart of Macdonald College gave a talk at Tudor Hall before the Montreal Social Work Forum on the report of the Quebec Protestant Education Survey.

Principal Rev. E. C. Amaron received a special invitation to the sports banquet held in December to celebrate the victory of the football team. In spite of his increased work owing to the loss of the main building he found time to give a summary of the Hepburn Commission Report at I. O. D. E. and Women's Institute meetings.

Mr. and Mrs. William Arthur Deacon were on the reception committee of the Toronto branch of the Canadian Authors' Association after a lecture by Stefan Zweig.

Dr. F. O. Call has exhibited some outstanding flower pictures.

The Rev. Ernest M. Taylor celebrated his 91st birthday January 24 by preaching in Knowlton. He has recently received the degree of Doctor of Divinity at the United Theological College of Montreal. He taught here in the early days of the college and was at one time acting principal.

Mrs. Ray Whenman, née Louise Beach is an entertainer of note having her own trio, consisting of a flutist, accompanist and soprano, which has been heard at the Handel and Hayden Society and at the Boston Civic Symphony. She has sung with such great artists as Frieda Hempll and John Charles Thomas and as guest artist over N. B. C. Her address is 15 Driveway Road, Medford, Mass.

John Sancton is working in Montreal on the Editorial Board of "Home and Country", the new magazine of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada.

Stewart Ross of Montreal, son of Dr. R. O. Ross of Stanstead, has been appointed Inspector of Mines for the Province of Quebec, with one assistant. He was in the employ of Department of Mines last year. His new position is a distinct promotion.

Scott Kneeland at the 1938 Convocation at Macdonald College presented the Gardner Kneeland Memorial prize in English to Miss Shea, as he is the son of Gardner Kneeland. He won the Prince of Wales medal for being first in General Proficiency at the School for Teachers and the Governor General's bronze medal for the Art of Teaching.

Dr. Stanley MacMullen, principal of the Commissioners' High School, Quebec, is president of the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers. Miss Ellison Tilton is on the committee for textbooks and supplies.

Beatrice Walsh is graduating in Arts at Queens. She was appointed leader of the Student Christian Movement there.

Mrs. Norrie, née Margaret Fawcett, is living in the North mining district and her husband has been very successful in the mining industry.

Rev. Cyril Adair has recently been elected chairman of the Montreal Presbytery of the United Church of Canada.

Kay Bready, R.N., after graduating at Sherbrooke has returned to California where her father resides.

Tom Bready has a very enjoyable position with Cook's. He accompanies the World Tours and takes parties on special inland expeditions mostly by airplane.

Rustin Lamb was elected representative of the Law Faculty on the McGill Students Council. Peggy Lamb as president of the McGill Woman's Union was also a member of the Council. Peggy is graduating this year. Peggy Lamb was taking her second year in Arts at McGill.

Dr. Gerald Halfpenny has been installed as president of the Graduates Athletic Club of McGill.

The work of Andre Bieler as a painter of French Canada has been highly praised in "Toronto Saturday Night."

John Colby is graduating in Arts at McGill.

Rev. Dr. Gordon A. Sisco, the secretary of the General Council of the United Church of Canada, was the preacher at the Baccalaureate Service.

Adrienne Cameron is taking her third year in Science.

Frieda Bindman and Eleanor MacDonald are taking a Secretarial course at the Mother House, Montreal.

Peggy Brookes is finishing her first year as nurse in training at the Montreal General Hospital.

Mr. Clinton Soles, manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Rock Island, has been transferred to Sherbrooke. Mr. Fred Montle has been transferred from Huntingdon to Cowansville and Mr. Fulsom Manning from Howick to Huntingdon.

Students of 1937-38

Graham Barr has completed a successful year at McGill University.

Ruby Baldwin is at Feller Institute this year. Her brothers Elwyn and Keith, are at S. W. C.

Vera Bowles is working in Montreal. Muriel Bowles her sister, also a former Stanstead student, is in the city too.

Margaret Cooper who came to Stanstead from East Angus, has a position with the Sun Life in Montreal.

Marjorie (Margie) Copping is at McGill.

Margaret Dustan (Dustie) now Mrs. Edward Perkins of Rock Island, with Perk has attended a number of college functions this year. The Perkins' nickelodeon has been very popular for dances.

Amy Ford is in the office of G. Ford & Co., Portneuf. Joyce is at the College this year.

Ian (Bud) Gilbert is studying engineering at McGill. His sister, Dorothy, is busy taking Grade 10 at Stanstead.

Brenda Groom was at Disraeli but is home just now.

Donald Marvin is at the University of Maryland.

Weyland Mosher was at Stanstead until Easter of this year but since then he has procured a position with the Willis Piano Company.

John Morton is attending classes at Montreal High School. David Morton is at Stanstead and was for a time co-editor of "The Light" a weekly publication which suffered extinction after a short but rather brilliant local career.

Bill McKinnon is also a student at Sir George Williams.

Frances Millay has moved from Hudson Heights to Montreal.

Virginia Moranville has been in Sherbrooke this year.

Alfred (Bud) Mackay returned to Bugbee until Easter when he obtained a position with the Johns Manville Co. at Asbestos.

Thayne McGilton and John Rugg are at Bishop's University.

James (Jimmy) McCutcheon is at McGill.

Frances Plaisance of Cookshire made a short visit to Stanstead during the Model Assembly on May 7.

Alene Peasley has been at home at Waterville where she has been keeping up her business course by studying with Miss Bradley.

Kathleen Parker is attending Sir George Williams School, Montreal.

Edith Rosborough is at Queens' University.

Hazel Rollit is at her home in Knowlton.

Evelyn Souaid is at home in St. Hyacinthe. Evelyn has visited the college several times coming to see her sister Jacqueline.

Mary Simpson spent part of the year in Mason, Michigan, but she is now in Granby.

John Curtis has finished his second year Science at Queen's.

Jean Standish is at home in Magog.

Joyce Thomas spent some months visiting her sister in Detroit. She is now at home again.

Pauline Tartres' address is 34 City Ave., Granby, where she is employed as stenographer.

Max Varney is at Macdonald College. His sisters, Muriel and Mildred, are at Stanstead.

Gerald Mackay and Bruce Kirwin are attending Bishop's University.

Ralph Whitehead is taking Science at McGill.

Among former teachers of the Conservatory of whom we have news are:

Miss Ida Leslie who is still in the Halifax Infirmary. Miss Leslie has edited a type written list of short plays, readings she used during her years of experience as Dramatics teacher. She will be glad to mail this list to anyone who will pay for postage.

Miss Cladie Smith has resigned this year at Mt. Allison and has been caring for her mother who has been ill.

Miss Florence Robb has a busy studio in the Maritime Building at New Glasgow, N. S.

Mrs. Ray Whenman (Louise Beach) has been very active in Boston and New England Musical Circles. Miss Elsie McFadzen had a happy visit and chat with "Beachie" while in Boston this spring. A note on Mrs. Whenman appears elsewhere in the Alumni Notes.

Mrs. Donald Munro (Adele Noble) has been living recently at Tomifobia so friends at the College enjoyed having her in the neighbourhood again.

Miss Elma Martin's address has been 1783 Graham Boulevard, Town of Mount Royal, where she had a music class during the winter. Recently she was called home to Sutton due to the illness of her father.

Miss Jean Campbell has been active as organist, vocal soloist, and teacher at Lennoxville.

Miss Margaret Murray former Dramatics teacher at Stanstead is still teaching and broadcasting in Montreal. Miss Murray comes to Lake Memphremagog each summer as counsellor in a girls' camp.

Miss Alma Alger is still ill. Friends on the campus and from far off too, very frequently enquire about her. Her home is just beside the girls' campus and these spring days she must sometimes catch the familiar strains of Conservatory practice.

Mrs. A. P. Gordon (Margaret Henley) although not actively connected with E. T. C. M. now, very

often visits the conservatory and sometimes helps by playing in programs. She gave a very enjoyable organ recital in Pierce Hall on a Sunday afternoon this winter.

Ruth Perkins is still actively connected with the conservatory as a teacher of organ and as organist in Centenary Church.

Mrs. Minchin Barber (Miss Ward, violin teacher) lives at 1955 Bayle St., Montreal. Another former teacher (Model School) living in Montreal is Miss Jean Gregg.

Other addresses of former teachers are:

Mrs. J. G. MacDougall (Winona Pomeroy, graduate and teacher of E. T. C. M.) Caledonia, Ont.

Mrs. W. J. Smith (Miss Jersey) 147 St. Louis St., Joliette.

Miss Helen Ayer, Magog High School.

Miss Frances Walbridge, 135 St. Clair St., W. Toronto. Miss Walbridge has spent this year at the Deaconess Training School (Toronto Uinversity) in preparation for work in Africa.

Among very welcome visitors to the school during this year has been Mrs. Blanchard (Mamie Williams) of Newport whose daughter, Betty, is in Grade 12.

Miss Ester Magoon, Principal of Magog High School, is a former Stanstead graduate who usually visits the college each year with a group of entries for the Eastern Townships school meet. Miss Magoon has recently been elected president of the Teachers' Association in Stanstead County.

Kay Lyon usually visits the college on her way to her sister's home in Derby Line. Her sister Mrs. Gaffield (Ruth Lyon) is also a Bugbee graduate. Kay has a position in Asbestos.

Jean Dunbar who is at Stanstead this year is a sister of Agnes Dunbar, former Budgee student. Agnes is now Mrs. Fulton Smith, of Woodstock, N. B.

Former Stanstead students in the Portneuf district include — Mrs. Grant MacDonald (Frances Ford), Mrs. Gerald Thompson (Emily Bishop), Mrs. Clifford Thompson (Adele Bishop). Mrs. Frank Sewell (Connie Seifert) and Lawrence Bishop.

"Andy" Brown of Danville is with the Johns-Mansville Co. in Asbestos.

Grant Johnson is also in Asbestos, at the Iroquois Hotel.

Oscar Mallalieu is in the bank at Huntingdon.

Marcelle Gorham lives on University Avenue, Fredericton, N. B. Marcelle is a niece of Mrs. Parmlee (Miss Tanner).

Malcolm Taylor is in the offices of Fraser Co. Ltd., Edmunston, N. B.

Anne Pike is in 3rd year University of North Carolina. Her brother, William Pike, has finished his first year at Yale.

Donald and Philip Poaps are at Queen's University. Donald reached home in time to help with programs for closing at the College. He is always most generous in joining the musicians of the "old school".

The Alumni Association of Stanstead College want to go on record as thanking the Principal and Mrs. Amaron, the faculty and students for the brave manner in which they have carried on since the fire, and also to those who do not belong to our association who have contributed towards the building fund.

GRADUATES!

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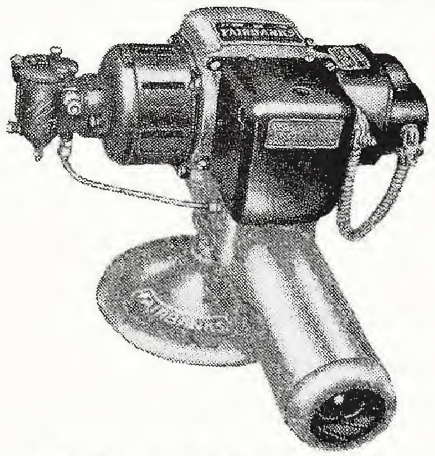

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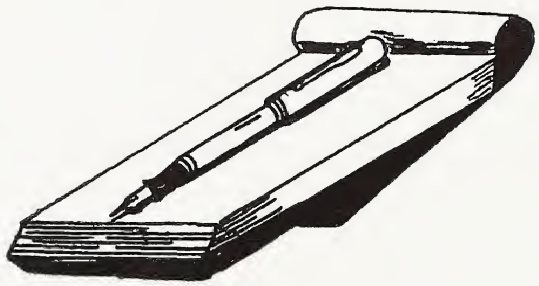

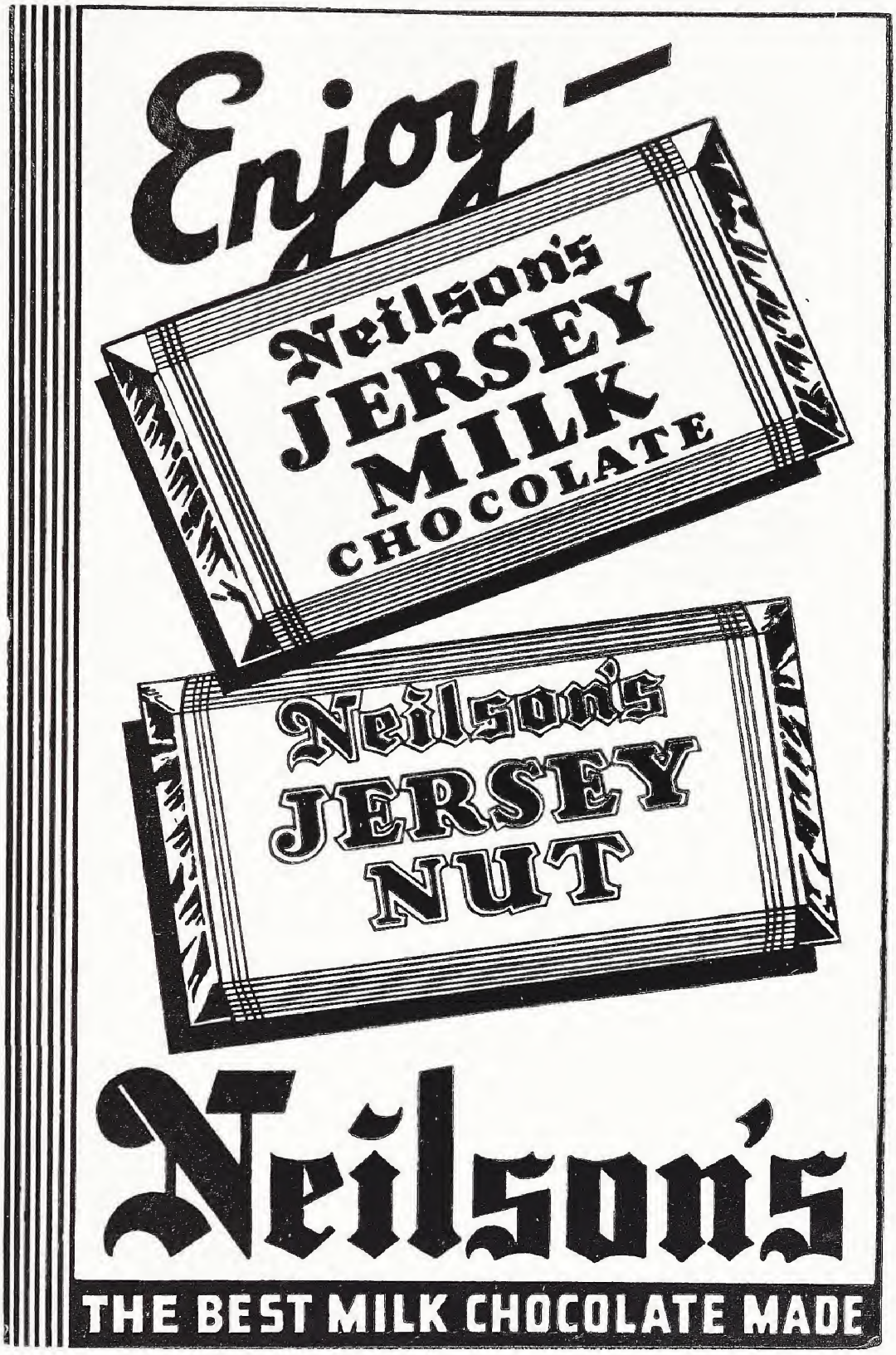
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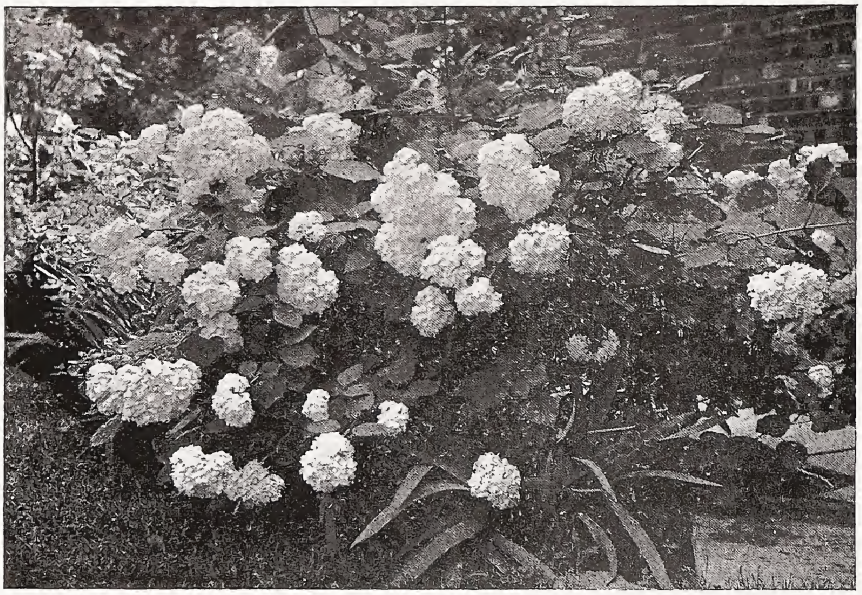

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